



# THE AUBURN CIRCLE

Vol.35 No.1 Fall 2008



# THE AU CIRCLE

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# Letter From the Editor



**I am so blessed to have been a part of this issue of the *AU Circle*.**

**Rarely have I ever experienced the talent and charm that this magazine broadcasts within the pages of its publication. To me, this magazine is a tribute to the amazing talent and achievements that the Auburn University family has to offer. There is nothing like it on this campus, as it boldly attempts to broadcast what makes Auburn University so unique among the thousands of other college campuses.**

**The *AU Circle* has changed much over the years, adapting its goals and general staff in order to best showcase the changing color of Auburn. Yet its ideals stay the same - ideals that attempt to capture what it really means to be an artist within today's transforming society. It defines and represents that middle line between what is clearly art, and what is simply what one makes of art.**

**I truly hope that you - the reader - enjoys reading this magazine as much as the staff and I have enjoyed producing it. It brings me happiness to know that this wonderful display of design, art, and literature is no longer just a file on my computer, but rather a published product that you as the reader can look back on and remember what defined art in the fall of 2008.**

**Thank you to all of those who submitted works for publication, and also to all those who helped in any way to get this magazine off the ground and into the hands of our readers. You are truly appreciated.**

**War Eagle!**

**Chloe Hobdy, Editor-in-Chief**

Cover art: ***Blue Dawn***, by Alexandra Belcher

Previous page: ***An Interlude of Urban Dialects***, by Joao Braz

This page: ***Personified Pip***, by Hillary Floyd

Staff Section pages: (p.78) ***Thermal Tree***, by Anna-Marie Settine

Staff Section pages: (p.79) ***Color Blending***, by Matthew Livaudais

Staff Section pages: (p.80) ***Hoopla***, by Hillary Floyd





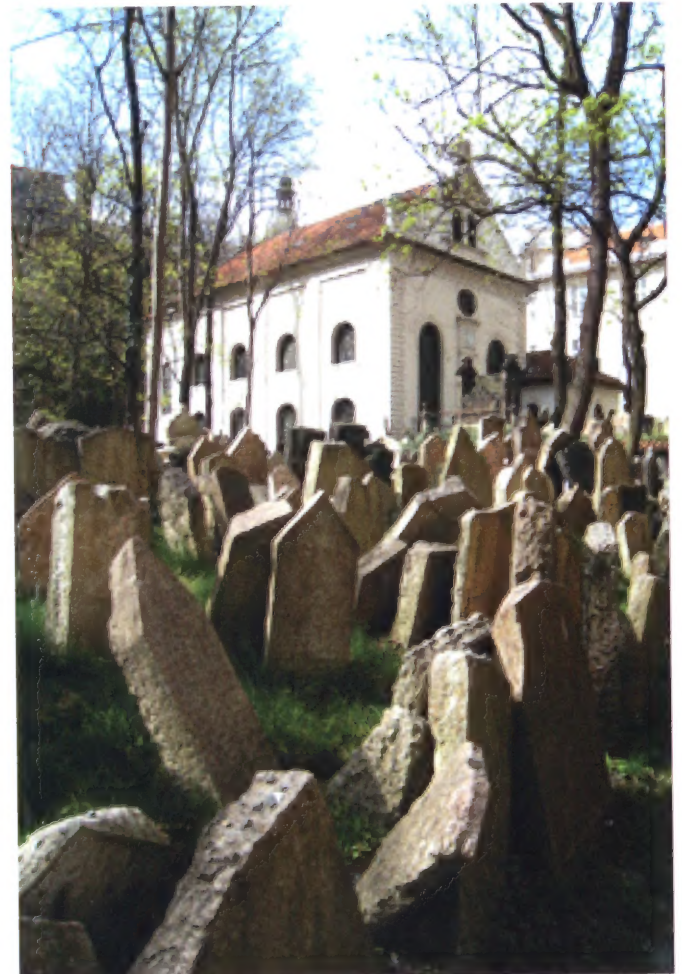
***Where to Now?***  
Alexandra Belcher



***A.H.T.'s Tractor***  
Aristina Tanner

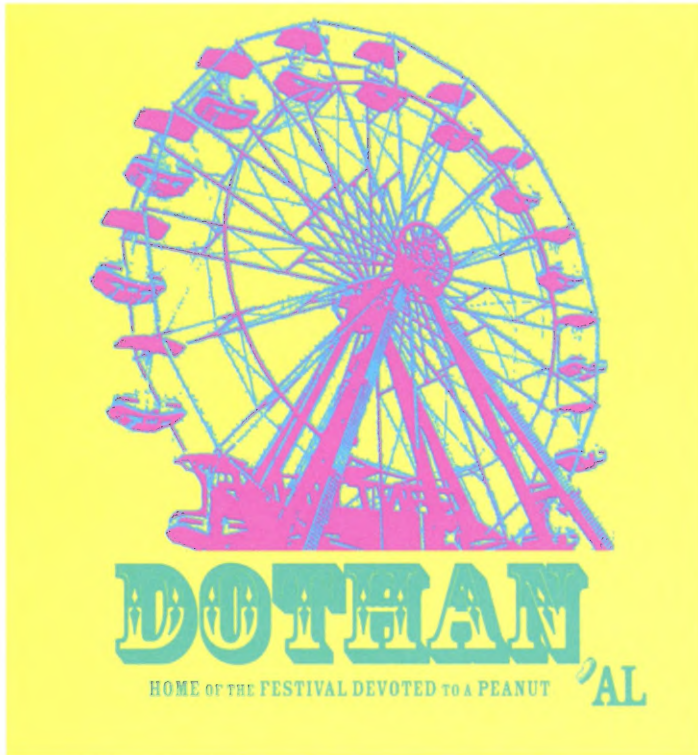


***Natural Invasion***  
Josh Lamberth



***A Time for Reflection***  
Jennifer McAleer





***T-Shirt***  
Mallory Reamer



***A Zeusian Warmup***  
Adam Sleeper



***Airy***  
Fran Bishop



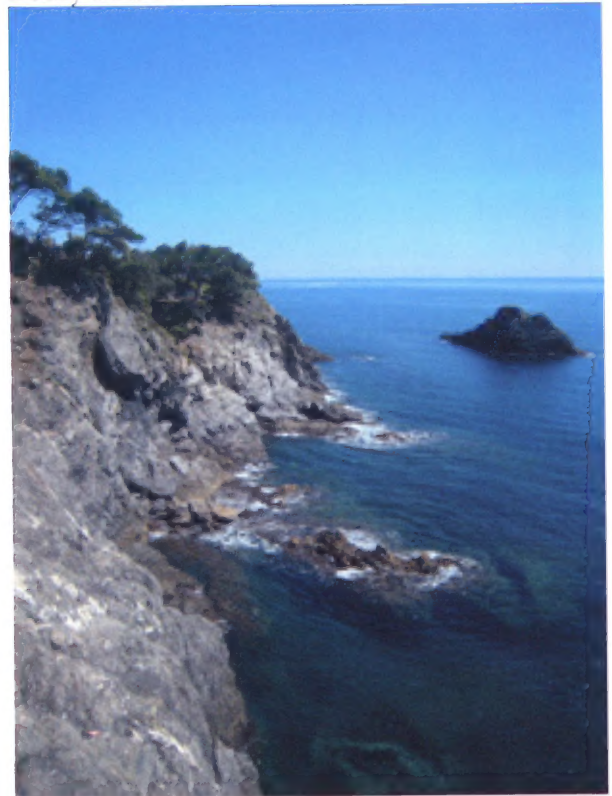


***Outside***  
Hillary Floyd

***Escape***  
Becky Mercer



***Walk to the Well***  
Caitlin Bearden



***I Am Not A Machine***  
Brandon Dean



# UNIVERSITY DIVERSITY Initiating

Auburn University Research Initiative for the  
"Study of Diversity Conference"  
October 29-30, 2008  
Auburn University, Alabama, USA  
Auburn University Hotel and Conference Center



**Diversity**  
Amanda Claybrook





***Feesh***

Matthew Livaudais



***Samford Hall at Night***

Lauren Duke



***African School Children***

Jacob Smith





***Lady of Chrome***  
Brandon Dean



***A Sleepless Night in Cerbère***  
Chris Jones



***Entry***  
Nourah Said



***Myles***  
Brandon Dean



***Fashion in Color***  
fran bishop





"i  
got  
rhythm"

Barbra B. Barker auditorium  
Tickets \$5

*i got rhythm*  
Amy Hannum





***Hydrants***

Paul Possien



***Ephemeral Landscapes***

Joao Braz



***Bumblebee***

Hanna Gordon



***Mtendere Village***

Caitlin Bearden

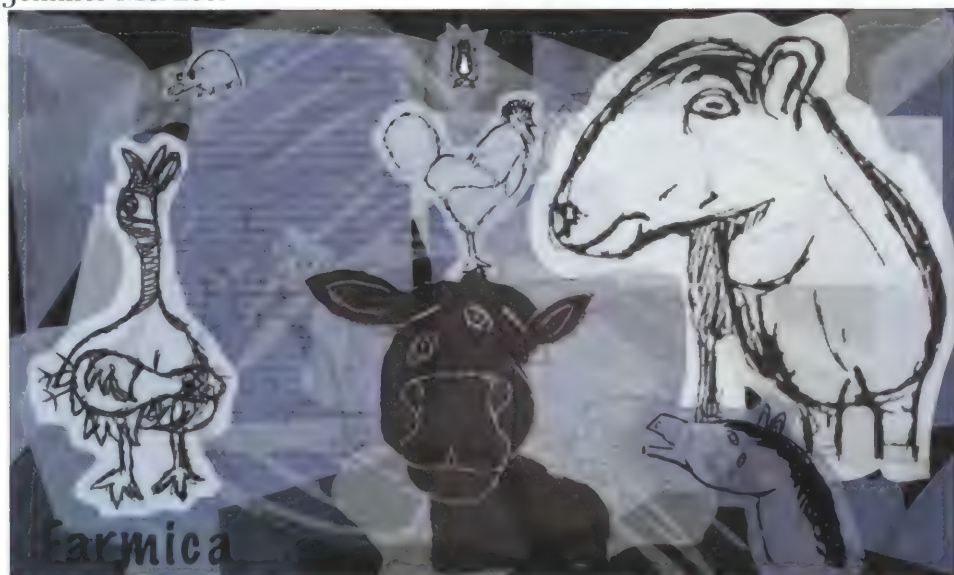




*Agape*  
Fran Bishop



*Reflections*  
Jennifer McAleer



*Farmica*  
Kathryn Saunders



*Sunflowers*  
Katie Smeraglia



# TRASH CHAMBER

*"With this trash chamber, I am imagining the streets of Seoul cleaner than they have ever been."*



### CONCEPT

Nobody wants to touch trash cans on the street. Nobody stays around them, either, especially in a city, where so many people live. They are typically dirty, full, roaches and other bugs are around. Surely, people have "BAG" feeling about them, here's "the trash Chameleon." There are no more smells, and bugs, it's the environmentally friendly trash can for the "HAPPY" people.

## FEATURES

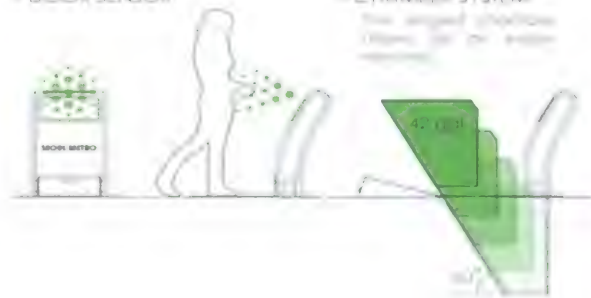


It is a graph that illustrates, essentially, 3 sets: *unemployment* (all 100 unemployed), *not working* (all 100 unemployed and 100 employed), and *not employed* (all 100 unemployed) during the day time. The graph usually (but not always) has 3 horizontal bars at the top.

- DOOR SENSOR

• CHAMBER SYSTEM

Free airport shuttle  
Offers an on-site restaurant



**Trash Chamber**  
Hyuk Chang





***James***  
Becca Beers



***Pencil***  
Julia Broder



***Autumn in the Mountains***  
Darshan Shinde



***Self-portrait in Squares***  
Erika Bilbo

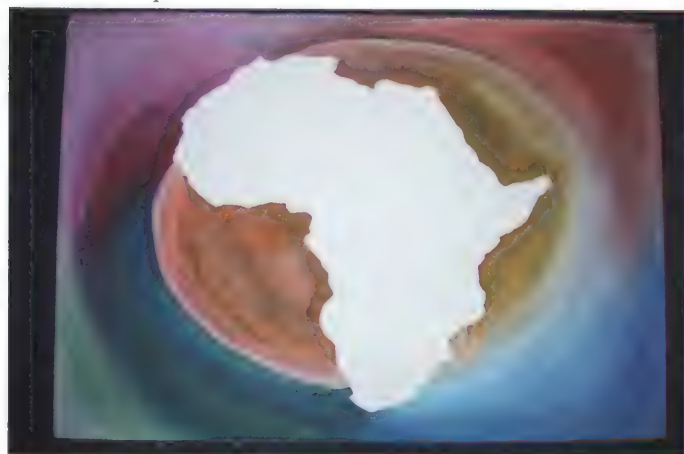




***Why We Fight***  
Andy McErlean



***Favorite Place***  
Alina Phillips



***Holli's Love***  
Wendy James



***Untitled***  
Beth Broadway





*View of Prague*  
Jennifer McAleer



*Ligneous Miasma*  
Stephen Everett

*Optimal Linotype Poster*  
Shannon Leutzinger



*Ring Around the Rosie*  
Kelly Evans





***Early Summer Rain***

Adam Wilson



***3D Abstract Floor Plan***

Kristina Tanner





***A View from the Falling City***  
Jennifer McAleer



***Owl***  
Mary Catherine Clem



***Peacock***  
Jonathan Meadows



***Tuscan Kitchen Elevation***  
Neely Hooper



## About Two Blocks

WILL FARGASON

I walked home alone the other night.  
It was midnight and a half,  
And all stars shone bright;  
The moon sneered and laughed.  
It was well lit except where it was dark.  
It was lonely except when I had  
Someone with whom to talk.  
And all shadows hung as they should.  
The cracked concrete was littered  
And tattooed with leaves who'd left stains  
From the ample effect of yesterday's rain,  
And they smeared always downward.  
Everything that was clutched by the night  
Appeared safely frightening to me,  
And was raped and robbed of the light,  
But this beauty is one that most couldn't see.  
Strewn about were broken bottle shards left to be  
All alone, screaming in agony, a dangerous confetti.  
It all must have been left over from last night's party...  
Don't listen to the music – it will turn you crazy.  
The sounds still danced off  
The brick walls into my ears.  
The buildings shut them off,  
No, they didn't need to hear.  
They were already strong, solid, tall.  
The streetlamps cast shadows over all.  
From behind the onlooking dumpster bin  
A rat crossed ahead, appearing in  
A hurry, but he had no place to go.  
I saw a quick longing in his dulled eyes  
For he had no place to call home.  
But then again, neither did I.

## Asking a Girl About

PAUL BULLARD

I've made no promises in my plans  
I can't break what isn't carried out,  
What if I'm maybe... more the scared man  
Than faking pretends to know about?

I was going for this but that came up,  
My plan to take my plan and then disrupt,  
I want the girl but I want meaning too...  
Why should I have to choose between the two?

Should I give her a chance, her little crush,  
Grow what might ...eventually be there...  
But open sea or jungles green and lush,  
Which would the dolphin or shark find most fair?

She's the beautiful cat; I'm the free hawk,  
Both like mice, both differ in style and stalk –  
Common ground but both shouldn't be grounded  
And separation isn't well sounded.

Strengths to weakness, flyers need flight...  
Writers need readers, swimmers need swimmers,  
North attracts south, but both are magnets, right?  
Decrease shallow views... and depths get slimmer

More specific to me... I'll find a match,  
Likes with differences that don't detach,  
But whether she is I really don't know  
Though I think the green light doesn't mean go...



*Chris Thile*  
Jr Wekall



# On Blood Mountain

ANNA ELMORE

We'd been driving for five hours from south Alabama when those blue Appalachian peaks finally rolled by. The truck began its climb upward and the world through the driver's side window fell away into a great bowl. On my side grew the mountain. We rode in silence because I couldn't say the words that needed to come out, and I think that he was afraid that if he spoke, a switch would go off and he would hear the words that he feared I'd say. We'd been dating since our freshman year of college, and now we were at the start of our final two semesters. I'd always thought we'd end up together, and I knew had the feeling he'd be popping the question sometime soon. But that was the problem. We never talked about these things, and he always assumed. It was his assumptions, about us, about marriage, and about who he thought I was, that was doing all of the damage.

We continued up and down and around the mountains and I was unable to keep from leaning heavily back and forth with every curve of the road. Peter, I noticed, sat rigidly behind the wheel, looking neither left nor right. I wondered if he was still breathing. But finally we pulled into the parking lot at Mountain Crossings, the store through which passed the Appalachian Trail in north Georgia. He cut the engine. The silence almost hurt.

"Well, thanks," I said, reaching for the door.

"Thanks? Is that it?" he asked, still not looking at me.

"Don't start," I groaned and pulled at the stubborn handle. Finally it gave way and I jumped down from my seat, my legs as stiff as his hands had looked on that steering wheel.

I went to the back and started reaching for my pack. I heard Peter climb out from his side a second later and shut the door so hard it made the truck rock. I ignored him and hefted my pack from the bed, shrugging it onto my shoulders.

"Don't ignore me," he said, keeping his voice low so the hikers who were walking by would not hear. "I drove you all the way up here, the least you can do is tell me why."

I laughed. I couldn't help it. Even though I knew it would make him angry, would only help in pushing him away, still I laughed.

"I've told you over and over why I'm doing this Peter."

I made my way to the road amidst a confetti-fall of orange and red and yellow leaves. Peter was trudging behind me; I could hear his keys jingling in his too big hand. Across the street I found the start of the trail. This was where we would part. I spun around.

"I guess I'll see you in a few days then," I said, hoping he wouldn't make this any more difficult than he already had.

I was hoping in vain.

"Look, Callie, what's this really about?"

He looked me dead in the eyes this time. I hated when he did that. Not because I was bothered by meeting people's eyes, but because he had this way of looking at me like I was in trouble for lying about cheating on a test and he had to be "stern" with me. I mean, he's my boyfriend, not my dad. But sometimes I think he forgot.

"Because you don't have to do it," he continued, reaching out to pull one of my hands from where I had been clenching the straps of my pack. "If you're trying to prove something to me..."

"Wait," I interrupted, yanking my hand from his. "You think this is about you?"

All this time and he still had no idea what went on inside my head. He had no idea who I really was.

"How many times have I said to you 'Peter, I want to hike on the Appalachian Trail by myself? I want to do this alone. I need this because I'm stressed from work and I have to figure out a lot of things.'" I didn't add that I wanted to get away from the fact that when he looked at me he saw a woman he had built up in his dreams, not the woman of flesh and blood who stood before him.



"Callie," he started, but just then a group of hikers descended from the trail and we were forced to stand on the side while they came through, all laughter and sweat and energy. They ran across the road, kicking leaves, and around the parking lot to Mountain Crossings where they joined the other hikers and visitors who had stopped by.

"It's not safe for you," Peter said, pulling me back onto the trail. "I don't think any woman should hike the trail alone."

"Look, I've done this before," I replied, even though he knew that I'd hiked here every summer with my dad. This was my first time alone. "I've got mace and I've taken loads of self-defense classes. Anyway, this isn't about whether I'm safe or not. What are you really afraid of, Peter?"

He frowned.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

I sighed and turned away from him.

"And that's out problem."

I had left him there then, still not saying those final words that would offer me the release I had been seeking. He had mumbled he would see me in a few days and I had said goodbye. I trudged up the trail alone, trying to let thoughts slip from my mind as the world in which I lived disappeared at the beginning of the rocky trail behind me. I was in a new world now, and in this world I could only depend upon myself.

The day was dying as I reached the top of Blood Mountain nearly five hours later, and with it drained what remained of my anger. I stood alone atop that darkening mountain and it seemed that I could but speak the word "light" and the day would be born, or could reach out with my hand and carve oceans or crumble mountains. I was empowered in my solitude, in my growing belief that I could manage this world by my will alone. The only thing left was to take those final steps in separating myself from him.

My hike over the next few days only served to strengthen me. I was independent, I was strong, I was living in a world which to most seemed unyielding, yet I managed to navigate it. Even towards the end, when I knew that every step which I took was bringing me closer back to him, my resolve surged strong and I was even smiling.

When I saw him again, he looked different. Perhaps it was because I had let go, even before he knew it. I had removed myself from the vision of me, of us, which he had created and placed upon me. I was completely my own and I didn't have to share any part of myself with him ever again. Looking into the side window of his blue truck where he sat waiting for me, I thought for a moment that a stranger had come to pick me up.

I threw my pack in the back and I saw his head turn. He looked at me, lifted a hand in greeting, and reached to start the engine. I pulled open the heavy metal door and climbed inside.

"How was your hike?" he asked, his voice smooth and pleasant.

"Perfect," I said.

He was in a very good mood, especially after the way in which we had parted last. It made me immediately suspicious. It took me a moment to notice the little black box tied with a silver ribbon which sat on the seat between us.

"Peter," I began, frowning down at the thing. "Is that...?"

"Huh?" he asked, glancing down. "Oh, yeah. So, you want it?"

I smiled.

"No, take it back to the store where you bought it."

He never even asked me why. I also never asked why he had proposed the way that he had. But then, that was Peter. He had just assumed I would say yes, but this time, he had been wrong.



## Tattoo Artist

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS

A lifetime encrypted in colorful  
copies of something sublime, immortal  
and lucid, beyond withered skin. Scarred  
with sacred languages, symbols and signs,  
competing faces, flames, phantoms and  
lapping waves engulfing a single rose—  
a perfect moment—suspended in flesh,  
surrounded by wistful eyes, entwining  
arms and legs of harrowing blue  
splayed across muscles,  
tendons, joints and bone. Motifs of history,  
stains of time embedded deeper than skin,  
darker than memory.  
Time line of consciousness and conscience,  
companions of color for the journey  
confined to a finite surface— a story  
that must end—when there's still more to be told,  
more to be written, always more to be said,  
but no more room for illustrations.  
Agonized, final selections of pigment  
for fast shrinking gaps, numbered days.  
Desperate craving for just one last image,  
Elaborate insignia, or cherished name...  
But mortality is designed, not extended,  
And the ink has run dry all the same.

## A Gentleman's Eulgy

KATHRYN JOHNSON

A stature so rigid and tall  
Topped off with a slanted cap  
Pressed collar and scuffed shoes  
Three inches missing from his pants  
The dogs snapped at him in respect  
As he walked across the dusty yard  
With a walking stick in lieu of a cane  
A nod to passersby  
Tipping his cap to each lady  
For that is what Gentlemen do  
He never chewed tobacco  
At the dinner table  
He said grace every morning and night  
The sun shone brighter for him  
And the rain fell harder

## Dharma Bum

HONORE HISHAMUNDA

Dimpled cheeks  
Warm my face,  
And I smile

## Caged

Vanessa Hoppner





## On The Demise of Our Relationship

JILL SELF

No more 'I love you's  
No more "We will try"  
No more sweet nothings  
B/c its time to say goodbye

As much as we would like  
Fate is not on our side  
And now I long to be  
Off this emotional ride

I met you and claimed  
"I found my better half"  
Now Im attempting  
To make my 1st love my last

To you I would have always  
Been so true  
And you would too  
But you have already said  
Your "I do"s

So move on my darling  
And lets remember & smile  
You will for pictures  
But it might take me awhile

I cant focus on anything  
B/c Im stuck in the past  
Wondering why I thought  
This affair would last

You were perfect for me  
In every single way  
Now Im barely attempting  
To "make it each day"

You live in your castle  
Of Saabs and designer clothes  
Im still in college  
& why? Only god knows  
Play me some Winehouse  
As your plane takes off  
Now Im remembering myself  
Which Im glad I never lost

(end)

## The Tumbling of Love

AJ VANDERWOUDE

The tumbling of the leaf scrapes steadily  
With the swift pull of the whirlwind in rounds.  
The weighing force of gravity pulls heavily  
On the dying leaf, waiting to be pulled down.

The heart beats strong for the first love it holds  
But finds confidence caught in a cyclone  
Of doubt in a journey that pulls to unfold  
In fears the heart will be left on its own.

There's life in the roots but death edges the tree,  
Pulsing the elixir just short of leaves.  
There's life in the eyes but weakness in the knees.  
With hope just short of a chance to believe.

The leaf will decay and join with the dirt.  
The love will continue, as will the hurt.



**Army Dad**  
Megan Clark



# A Piece from a Fantasy Story

SKINNER MCLANE

Surrounding the village and its hilly borders was a wide, flat expanse of land that extended for many miles in all directions. High grass covered all that the group could see, and the wind which passed over the plains made soft waves in the grass sea. As the group passed through the fields heading north they talked openly and with little breaks - the children showered Daru with tales of their lives and adventures, and Daru took great pleasure in how their stories of small antics and pranks were told as if they were epic tales the whole world should know. For all his listening, however, Daru spoke little himself, or of himself.

"Can't you at least tell us a small story of your own travels?" Sill asked.

"Certainly I could," Daru responded. "It seems to me, however, that if you three were so anxious to have a real adventure, you'd want to enjoy the one you're having, rather than hear ones of old which you could listen to when times are calm and boring."

"But this IS boring," said Devlin. "We're just walking through fields - there's nothing TO experience so far!"

"Oh?" Daru laughed. "Tell me then, children: what is the name of this flower we approach on our way?"

With his staff Daru pointed out a small, pink flower of six petals which was growing alone in the field. The kids approached and examined it, but it was altogether a new sight to them.

"I don't know," said June, "but it's really pretty." Indeed it was. In fact, as the kids looked closer, they saw the light of the sun glint and shine faintly off the petals, which gave the flower a kind of glow in which other colors could be seen. The more they looked on it the more the small flower seemed as if it was some precious jewel - more beautiful than any charm or gem found in their village.

"It is a Dream Flower," said Daru at last. "They grow in all environments, and are found - or rather, hidden - all across our world. They sprouted when the world was first created and Mana first grew through the land."

"It's beautiful," said Sill.

"Let's pick it and take it with us!" said Devlin.

"Oho!" interrupted Daru, "So now these boring fields, with nothing to experience in them, has sudden interest to you? Before, you wanted to leave, but now you wish to take the treasure of the field along with you? You see, now, that there's plenty to experience and see no matter what part of the world you pass through. Had I been telling you stories of the past you might very well have passed the flower altogether. Keep your eyes open! Enjoy every moment for what exists in it, and wait to tell tales when none can be experienced for yourself. As for the flower, let it be. It is at peace in these fields, and if plucked it would quickly die - and the world would be, however slightly, less beautiful for the loss."

The children said nothing, but simply stared more at the Dream Flower, trying to etch it forever into their minds, so that at least they may bring along its memory.

"Now, now," continued Daru, "while there is always something to experience, we would all grow old and frail if we tried to experience EVERYTHING in our path for long - we must be on our way, but do not fear, for it's likely we'll encounter more Dream Flowers on our path. Just remember: whenever the journey seems 'boring' as you put it, look around, and see truly the Art that is formed by our world." With that, the group continued their journey.

The children didn't ask anymore about Daru's past or adventures, but were content with learning the names of the birds which passed in the sky, and the flowers they passed in the field.

They walked for the rest of the day, and eventually the sun began to set in the distance, with the sky darkening to a shadowy blue. They made camp in the open fields, with only a distant line of black on the northern horizon giving indication that they were finally drawing close to the Forest of Forever. Sill asked why they camped so far away when they could walk by night to the edge of the forest, but Daru cautioned against it, saying that while most the legends of the Forest were false, it was still not a place safe to sleep in, or near, if one could help it.

They lit a fire and finally, to the kids' great delight, Daru began to tell a tale of one of his past adventures, saying that the night was a time when stories could be shared openly. To Daru's amusement however, he had hardly begun his tale before each of the children had nodded off - June first and Devlin last - into a pleasant rest.

"For the best, I suppose," said Daru, turning to face the North. "Tomorrow will be a trying day for them, even if all goes well..." The fire crackled in the silence of the night, growing steadily smaller as the bright moon crossed the sky. A cold wind breezed through the camp, and June shuddered in her sleeping bag. Though no one saw it, Daru's smile had left his face. "...and nothing has gone well for years..."

The children each woke up early from the smell of breakfast being cooked over the re-kindled fire. Daru was up and wearing the same smile they had seen him with when they saw him last the night before.

"Good Morning!" he exclaimed. "Come now, eat quickly, but eat much and eat well, for while I fully intend on having dinner on the other side of the forest's borders tonight, I'm afraid we might have to forgo lunch while still under the trees: fire can fend off foes of the dark, but first it calls them forward, and dangerous foes can often be persistent. Not that I mean to frighten, of course; nor do I expect worse to come to worse, but one should always be cautious in strange lands."

"Unh-" mumbled Sill, rubbing her eyes as she got up and approached the fire, grabbing one of the wooden plates Daru handed to her and the others. "Doesn't the forest...well, go on forever? Do you really think we'll be out by nightfall?"

"I can't say for certain," answered Daru, "but I certainly hope we will! As for the forest's size, I can happily report that its name is, like the legends of it, fairly exaggerated. If indeed the forest expanded forever, then wouldn't it be covering the entire world?" The kids all blinked at this, and suddenly felt a mix of embarrassment and a little disappointment. "It's a large place, to be sure, and easy to get lost in, but for those that know the way it's traversable. Though we approach from the South, we'll be entering the forest near its Eastern end, where it is thinnest, and where soon the land rises into the Skybound Mountains. Unless the news we get from the Wisdom of the Woods is dire, the Mountains will be our path North from the Forest. It's not an easy path, but with all the warring nations in the lands to the North, it will be a safer path. -now eat, please!"

The group ate, then packed their stuff before setting off again as dawn started to fail into day. Within an hour or so the group had come to the outer borders of the forest. The trees were ancient and covered in green growths of weed and moss. Though the sun was already climbing into the sky the forest was so thick and old that all sight was obscured only a small distance into the mass of trees and roots. The group paused at the edge. June and Devlin walked in front to examine the closer trees with interest, and Sill herself was filled more with excitement than fear at this point. As she started to step forward, however, she noticed that, to the side, Daru was not moving. She stared at him, and noticed for the first time since meeting him that he had a new look on his face. He appeared deep in thought, and almost as if he was worried. Sill looked at him for a few seconds more, trying to read this strange expression. Soon, though, Daru noticed her gaze, and immediately regained his familiar light-hearted smile.

"Ah, sorry," he said. "Just got distracted for a moment. No worries! Come now; let us enter while there's still sun to aid us." With a nod of his head, Daru quickly stepped into the forest. Sill watched him silently for a moment longer, and then followed the others into the emerald woods.



## Second Chance

CIARA SMITH

Watching the sky tonight,  
I remember the other one.  
I think of how instead of clouds,  
overhead were angel's wings,  
tinged golden with the sunset.  
I think of how your form slowly  
became more distant  
until your body was nothing  
but a blurry silhouette,  
riding onward  
toward the world I could see  
so clearly in the sky.  
Then the sun sank below the trees,  
and all was quiet.  
A tear slid down my cheek  
as the noise of the night  
erupted in a song of lamentation;  
a song of sadness for my missed chance.  
I could not follow you there  
to that city in the clouds  
that did not exist.  
For even as i stood there watching,  
the wind ripped at and tore at  
your city  
until its moments of existence  
were gone.  
And though I know  
it is a futile attempt,  
and I shall never see you again,  
I always watch the skies  
for your city in the clouds.  
In hopes that,  
if only for a moment,  
for that is all I need,  
it may exist again.



***Copper Queen Pulley***

Courtney Starr

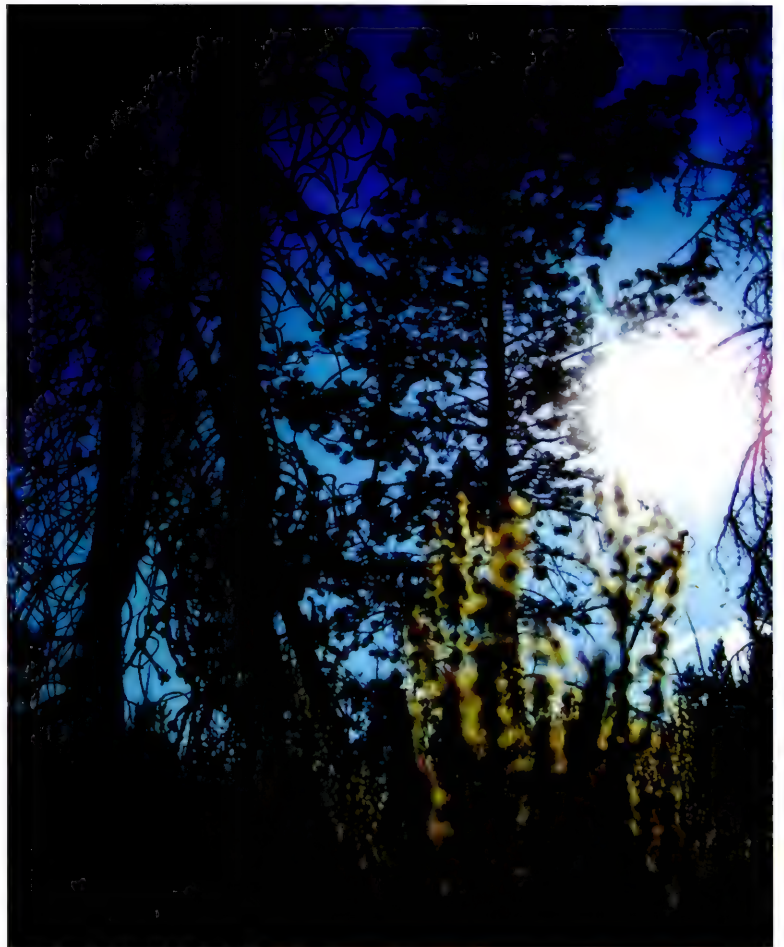
## The Walk

KATHRYN GOODMAN

It's a choice. Unwanted though it may be.  
Yet it still feels forced by lady guilt  
who rocks on your shoulder whimpering consequences in  
your ear.  
Pulling out the grapevine.  
Once she is done it becomes less difficult to add strides,  
to become consumed in not life, but yourself.  
As you continue to walk to your destination, your mind  
still drifting  
free  
as your heart beats settles with the rhythm of the music  
playing in your  
new headphones,  
you begin to realize that it is all changing now.  
So you turn off your music and the beat speeds up.  
Your mind now chained to a steel post.  
And you ask yourself in sheer and utter disgust,  
"Why am I here?"



*Night at the Opera*  
Joanna Failla



*This Life Like Weeds*  
Anna-Marie Settine



*Wooden Box*  
Jim Plaster

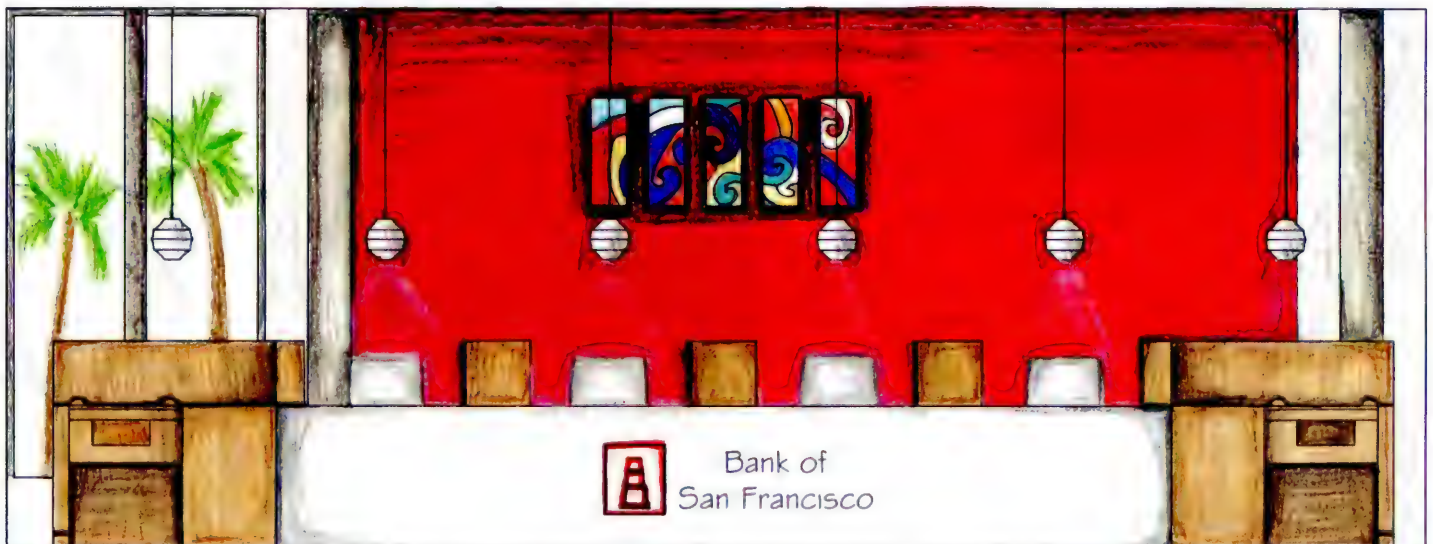


*Tuscan Kitchen Perspective*  
Neely Hooper



*Arabic Cafe Perspective*  
Neely Hooper

*San Fransico Bank Section*  
Neely Hooper



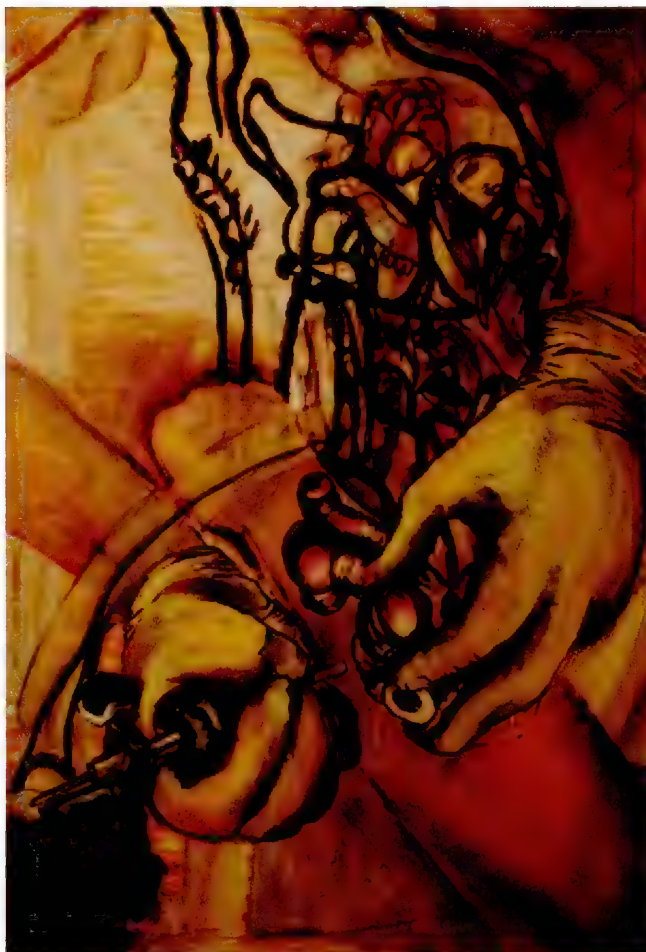


***Fashion Sketch***  
Julia Broder

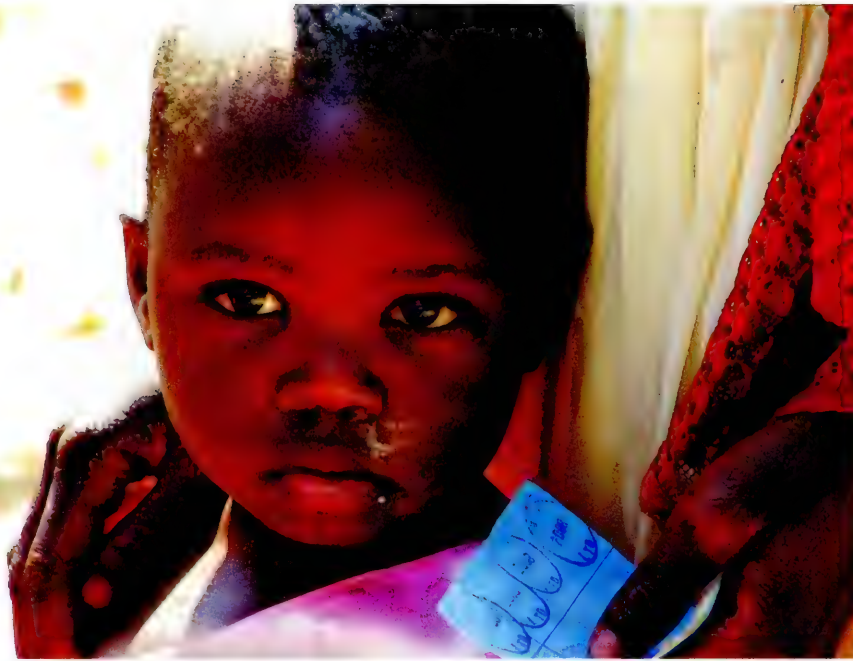


***100-Stair Dash***  
Evan Hicks

***Untitled***  
Zdenko Krivic







**Beautiful**  
Caitlin Bearden



**Aviator**  
Fran Bishop



**Dunce**  
Meredith Dowdy



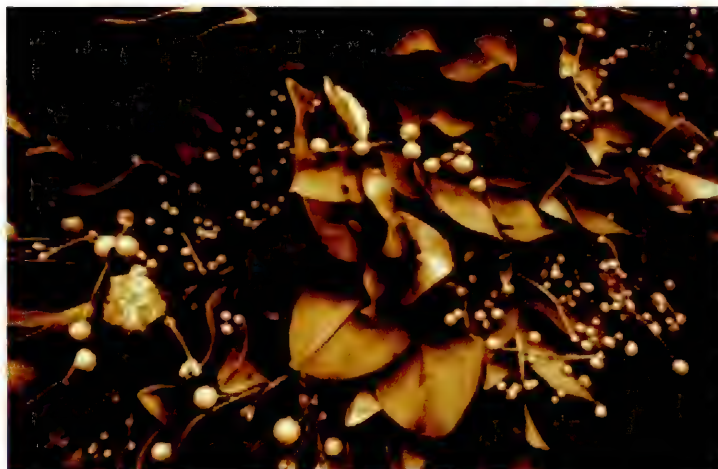
***Cigarette Smoke***  
Alexandra Belcher





***Rachel***

Alexandra Belcher



***Secret Garden***

Shannon Doyle



***Bent***

Mary Catherine Clem

***Piano Man***

Becca Burslem





***Bahia de las Animas***

Dean Vass



***Cobbler's Dream***

Aarti Mahajan

## ***Urban Design Standards***

Josh Lamberth

### **Urban Design Standards**



Example for additional mixed use to infill downtown Foley

- Retail
- Commercial
- Residential



Increased density in existing downtown and connecting hubs along greenway would offer necessities within a walkable distance



Added mixed use development would help to create a vibrant, lively community



New townhomes in proposed development areas and infill of downtown to further increase density

### **Linear Park System**



Proposed medium density housing and small grocery

Example section showing how new and existing development could, through this linear park system, address the creek on which it currently turns its back

Linear greenway trails would widen to small park areas in conjunction with increased density



Pedestrian walkways link urban and suburban development to greenway trails



# ~~barn~~ **bonnaroo**

7<sup>th</sup> Annual Music & Arts Festival

**AUGUST  
12-15**



CAT POWER • COUNTING COWS • RED HOT CHILI PIGS • ROOSTERHEAD • CITIZEN GOAT • MOO  
MOO FIGHTERS • PIGFLOYD • EMUBUS • DIXIE CHICKS • DEATH COW FOR CUTIE  
THE STRING SHEEP INCIDENT • SNOOP DOG • ALIEN ANT FARM  
MOOSTRANGLERS • HEN HARPER



**Barnaroo**

Sarah Bennett

# The Trouble with Defining Skwar

DANIEL CHADWICK

A small-for-a-six-year-old brunette named Susan Howell lay alone on the powder-blue carpet in the family room one Easter morning. Scattered around her was a colorful mess of crayons which she had found in her Easter basket and over her stood a television that played the Veggie Tales version of David and Goliath. Susan only half listened to the TV; her efforts were, instead, focused on covering Manila paper with scribbles, soft and cloud-like—*Tickle Me Pink* and *Granny Smith Apple Green*. She'd label her drawings *egg*, *bole*, or *sirkl* and then toss them aside and start anew.

In the garage, her father was yelling at her older brother, Adam, who had recently discovered, among his father's tools, a can of lime-green spray paint which he then used to redecorate the neighbors' backyard. Though the neighbors had not been home to catch him in the act, an incriminating strip of green paint across the toes of his sneakers had given him away.

Adam now leaned on his father's workbench and squeezed his eyes shut.

To mute the crack of a thick, leather belt against her brother's backside, Susan left her crayons just long enough to grab the remote-control off the couch and turn up the volume of the television. Two vegetable armies were standing in a desert. At the head of one army, a small cucumber with a stuffy-nosed voice was swinging a rock in a sling though he had no arms. Susan tossed the remote back on the couch and then returned to her crayons. She had been drawing the oak tree that grew in their backyard, only she thought it prettier with periwinkle leafs and a *Purple Mountain's Majesty* trunk. She was suddenly bored with it and shoved it aside as she reached for new colors and a fresh sheet of paper.

When his father had finished, Adam stomped into the family room, sniffing and kicking Susan's crayons out of his way until he plopped down on the couch, red in the face and teary eyed.

"What ya drawing?" asked Adam at length.

Susan rolled over on her back and held up a sheet of paper marked with *Torch Red* zigzags and *Timberwolf* streaks.

"Skwar?" asked Adam, reading the caption that Susan had written at the top of the page.

"No," squeaked Susan, "it's a square!"

"That's not a square, Sue."

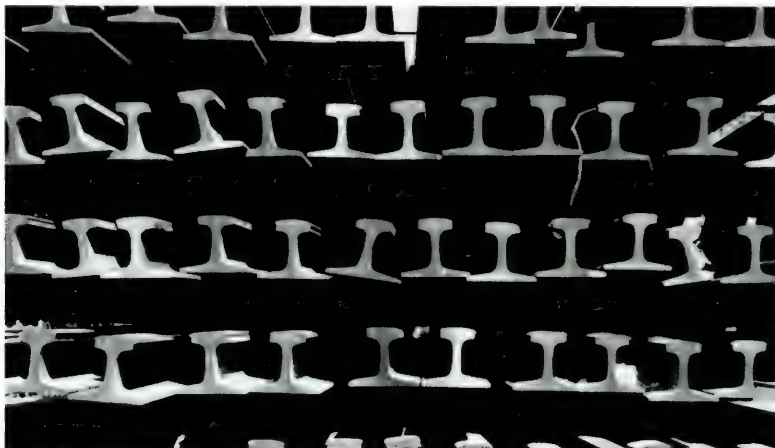
Susan rolled back over and eyed Adam quizzically with her chin propped up on her crossed arms. "How come?" she asked.

"Because it doesn't look like a square."

Susan carefully selected a few crayons—*Blizzard Blue*, *Mango Tango*, *Inch Worm*, and *Razzle Dazzle Rose*—held them all in one hand and then dragged them in a wavy motion across her square. "Just 'cause it doesn't look like a square, Adam, doesn't mean it's not."

On the TV, the stuffy-nosed cucumber was leading an army of tiny, Isrealite vegetables away from a giant pickle with a scarred face and a bushy black uni-brow who lay slain in the digitally animated desert sand.

"It's not a square," said Adam, then he snatched the remote and changed the channel.



***Rails***

Frank Orona



# If I Didn't Know Me, I Wouldn't Guess I'd Write This Seriously

PAUL BULLARD

Counter balance me with twice tense cable,  
I'm hanging up and lowered unrestrained  
With the freedom of swinging pendulums,  
Am I secure? Or always unstable...  
My insides aren't wound so plain  
As the scar lines they become,  
—I wonder when I'm Able.

Make my carefree tone disdained,  
When I'm competing for fun  
And all-out is all I can.  
My sights seem seriousness is contained,  
I'll never let up speed until I'm done  
With barely walking off fields sown by man,  
—How often do I think I need a Cain?

So what of mental and physical states...?  
They'll soon give to my spiritual fate  
Where I'll be perfect unlike as of late...

It's not gifts given outside  
In this time where age will fade,  
But my heart hidden inside  
With the works I've never made,  
—When I offer will I lie?

I don't want to think about my attempts  
At taking rocks to the head of my Brother —  
Who's given the only true sacrifice.  
The reason I'm secure and half exempt  
When acting like another  
Saved "victim" ready in vice,  
Meaningless desires self-tempt.

"And if Christ could see me now..."  
With His gifts I should never  
Have to run but pace and sprint,  
"Strength of my legs guide my hands to Your plough!"  
In this Fallen Field where conscience severs  
Between works I claim and those I didn't,  
Redeemed doesn't mean I can disavow.

Pretending I'm Able without a Cain,  
Never was able to erase blood stains...  
And I'll never walk with my dead-weight pain.

If I have mortal balance  
Hanging in the midst of me...  
Temporal pendulum dance  
Against any guarantee,  
Eternity isn't chance.

## Ad For a Soul-Mate

BEN BALLEW

SOULMATE NEEDED : A girl with soft, fair skin,  
An athletic body, and fairly shy.  
British accent required. Not prone to lie.  
Eye color : Green. Hair color : Black. Christian.  
A girl who is seductive towards me.  
Height : Five feet, nine inches. Not overweight.  
Must have a good sense of humor. Sexy,  
With a sense of style (an important trait).  
A girl that is pretty, very unique,  
Very smart, easy to talk to, and kind.  
A girl who looks at me and makes me weak  
In the knees. A girl that doesn't remind  
Me of anyone else. Must sing on key.  
REASON FOR AD : I want to be happy.

## My Girlfriend

WILL FARGASON

I see her walking across the court yard,  
And wonder how her cat got to have one eye.  
I start to think about how her coffee pot and  
Toaster are meticulously arranged on her counter top.  
I can't help but wonder how her aunt's doing,  
And her flowers outside, why they keep dying  
And being replaced. The air is dry and crisp.  
I want to tell her that her favorite band is  
Coming to town, how her gas mileage must be  
Improving since she started riding that bike.  
I want to tell her how tan she looks now,  
That she must have just gotten back from the beach  
And that I see her here almost everyday.  
I see her and wonder what her name is.

## Willow

KATHRYN JOHNSON

There she sat beneath the weeping willow.  
Her chestnut hair danced all around her face,  
And from a distance watched a boy with no  
Idea of girls with all their frills and lace.  
But everyday he watched the wispy girl  
Stretched out upon a blanket in the shade.  
Around her leaves would catch the wind and twirl.  
The sunlight through the leaves would slowly fade.  
He'd perch within the branches of a tree  
Wondering if she was the girl of his dreams,  
But he was scared and would forever be  
A prisoner to his low self-esteem.  
Tomorrow he'll return to watch this girl,  
His lovely, unattainable, bright pearl.

## Swimming Pool

JACOB SMITH

### *The Test*

Chrystalynn Beard

I walk around the perimeter  
Dipping my foot in occasionally  
Trying to get a taste of where I am going  
In the deep end there's a weight  
Sitting at the bottom  
I step on the ladder and  
Contemplate  
Maybe I will go in for it  
One step down the ladder,  
I turn and watch you dive  
When you come up for air  
You are empty handed.  
I stare at you as you tread water; I'm  
Bewildered  
Maybe you just didn't want to go for it  
But you look deep into my eyes  
Asking me to join you in the  
Dive for treasure  
Stunned  
I step down to the next rung.



## 1/2

ANNA ELMORE

Half-forged and half-shaped,  
a reddish-brittle light;  
half a lifetime in the fire,  
half lost with half sight.

Hammered by the hands of gods  
- gods fire for the heat -  
heavy in the forging flames:  
hammer – quench – repeat.

Stoke the flames to make them higher!  
Heat the hidden inner ore!  
'Till heady mirage hue of sunset  
has honed halfway to core.

Then hands that tremble as if blessing  
pull forth the hammered light;  
half hope, half hopeless shaping  
has heated soul to white.



# The Sweetest Words I Never Said

RACHEL MARTIN

From a distance I notice a man in a mismatched suit wiping sweat from his brow. The temperature has to be upwards of ninety degrees. I watch as Auburn student and collegiate faculty member alike pass by him. He smiles and outstretches his arm to offer each a small green book. Most act as if they don't see him. A few polite people shake their heads no, while even fewer people take what he's peddling. When I finally reach the man, he smiles at me and says, "Can I interest you in the Holy Word of God?" "Sure," I reply as I return a sympathetic smile to the older gentleman. He seems taken aback and eager at finally being taken up on his ongoing efforts. We make eye contact and he cannot help but smile again as he says, "Have a blessed day." I tuck the New Testament safely into my backpack. When I get home I'll add this gem to my collection. I never turn a Gideon down.

From a distance I notice a man in a threadbare cotton shirt wiping sweat from his brow. The temperature has to be upwards of ninety degrees here in Fyffe, Alabama. I watch as the man tills a row of dirt in his garden. He swears and throws his hat to show his frustration. My grandmother ignores him; this is a common occurrence. My mother asks if he needs any help, while I run to his side to find out what's wrong. When I finally reach the man, he smiles at me and says, "Can you give me a hand here, Rachel?" "Sure," I reply enthusiastically as he guides my hand to the tiller and walks us both slowly through the garden. He seems content and cautious at having a kindergartner so near dangerous farm equipment. We make eye contact and he cannot help but smile as he says, "You are doing a great job there Grandbaby." I tuck my front shirttail into my shorts so it won't catch on anything. When I get home I tell the story over and over again to my father. I never turn down my granddaddy.

Oranges and reds with a hint of blue. I run my fingertips across the bindings of each New Testament. I find an open slot in my bedroom library to place my newest edition. Each volume contains the same words but subtle differences set them apart. Each color represents a different mission. My hands are drawn to the worn chocolate cover that holds the inscription most important to me. *My Decision to Receive Christ as My Savior Confessing to God that I am a sinner, and believing that the Lord Jesus Christ died for my sins on the cross and was raised for my justification, I do now receive and confess Him as my personal Saviour*, signed Winston D. McGee dated August 27, 1999. I smile as I relive my grandmother's favorite story to tell and mine to hear with, "Once Dink knew he was dying, he looked at life a different way...."

Oranges and reds with a hint of blue. I run as fast as my chubby legs will carry me to the front porch swing to join my grandfather and the view of the already setting Alabama sun. I find an open slot to place my tiny, tan frame. Each of us carries the same genes but subtle differences set us apart. My smooth miniature hands are drawn to his giant calloused fingers. My decision to continually expose myself to the second hand smoke of my grandfathers' cigarettes is no decision at all. I never hesitate. Each time I find myself in his presence it's as if I sign an imaginary waiver for possible consequences. *I do now receive and confess the knowledge that my exposure over the years could account for numerous ear infections and infinite colds I will routinely undergo*. I smile as my grandfather begins his favorite anecdote to tell and mine to hear with, "Once upon a time, when I was a little girl...."

Some time later I imagine that Gideon man again. A portly woman dressed in scrubs tucks the corners of fresh linens perfectly in place to form a snug fit. The nurse fluffs a flattened pillow and then lowers the guard rails to help her patient sit up. She sits by his side and by his request spoon feeds him the words of a bible placed at his bedside by Gideon International. She then checks his blood pressure, asks if there is anything else she can do for him and leaves him in solitude again. His body fails him making life frustrating and impossible

to continue but his mind presses on. The thick wooden door glides open to reveal a visitor. The man has no strength to turn and greet her. Instead he allows his breath to become more shallow signifying to her he isn't quite dead yet. His lack of mobility makes him unable to respond to the words she is about to impart.

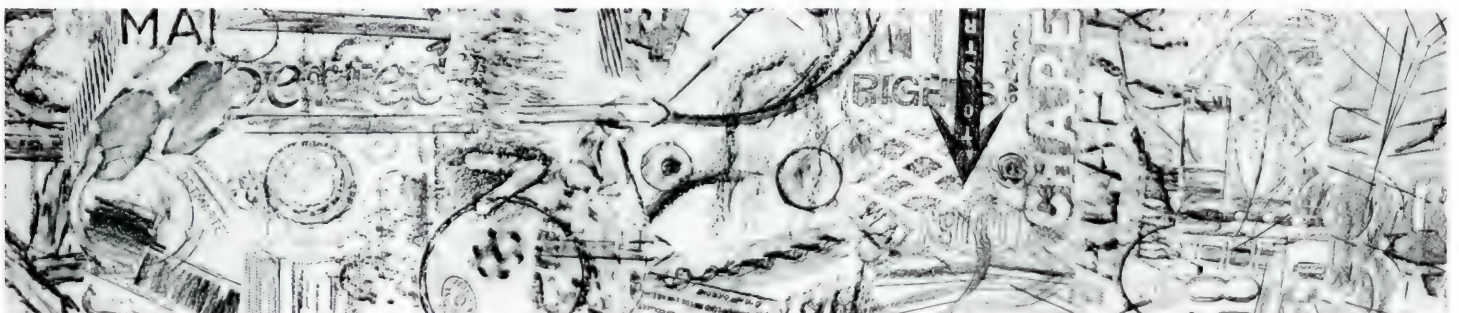
A portly woman dressed in black tucks the corners of fresh linens perfectly in place to form a snug fit. My grandmother fluffs my grandfather's favorite feather pillow and then lowers down the guard rails to help her husband sit up. She sits by his side and against his request spoon feeds him the meal of fried chicken, creamed corn, and turnip greens placed in their kitchen by helpful neighbors. She then checks his oxygen mask, asks if there is anything else she can do for him and leaves him alone with his thoughts. He is so accustomed to heavy labor that being an invalid makes life frustrating and impossible to continue. His bedroom door's rusted hinges squeak open to reveal a teenager. The man has no strength to turn and greet her. Instead he stares what feels like a hole through me as if saying he isn't quite dead yet. His lack of ability makes him unable to comfort my suppressed sobs and sniffles.

The Gideon man's granddaughter sits by his bedside and caresses his smooth, wrinkled hand. She recalls his dedication to the salvation of others by being a volunteer Gideon on college campuses across the country. In this moment, she wishes more than anything that she could provide his salvation from death. She has rehearsed this moment a thousand times in her head. However, practice does not make what she is about to do any easier. "Grandpa," she says, "I have something to tell you." Calmly, the girl lets her feelings flow.

"I know it hurts. I know because it hurts me to watch you hurt. I want to beg you to stay, but I know that's selfish of me. The thought of you not being here to watch me graduate, walk me down the aisle, or hold my first child is unbearable. But the thought of watching you live out all those milestones in my life like this is even worse. I want to remember you healthy and strong, as my hero and protector. I know you want me to remember you that way too. I know we never talk like this much, but I guess we never had to. I just always assumed you knew how much you mean to me and how much I love you. But just in case, I wanted you to know that I do and always will."

The Gideon gives his granddaughter's delicate hand a squeeze, turns his face to her and smiles. The girl is relieved. Now she won't have to live the rest of her life wondering if he ever really knew.

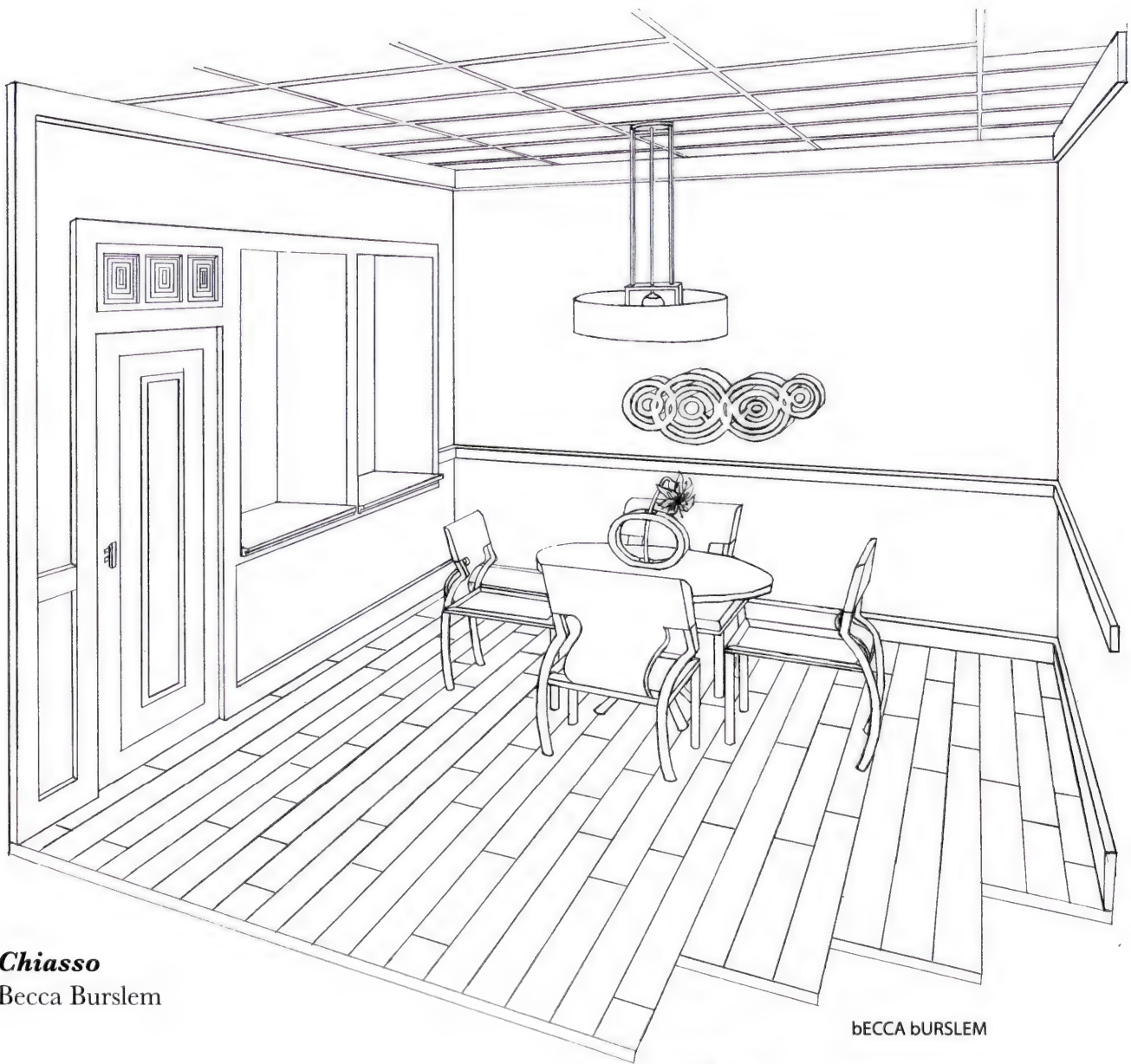
I sit by my dying grandfather's bedside and notice the frailty of his once muscular, wrinkled hands. I recall his dedication to the salvation of his crops by being a farmer all across the state. In this moment, I wish more than anything that I could provide his salvation from death. I have rehearsed seeing him like this. However, practice does not make what I am doing any easier. "Granddaddy," I think, "what has happened to you?" Calmly, I sit by his side, crippled with silence. I don't know if he can hear here, so I decide not to speak. All I can do is hurt. Hurt watching him fall apart over the past few months. Hurt at the thought of him never being there to witness who I will become in the future. Hurt by his side as he hurts as I watch him die. Since the diagnosis of colon cancer came in all I have done is hurt. I have ached. I am pained. My heart has tightened in knowing that my hero will soon be gone. At this crucial moment of farewell. I say nothing and spend the rest of my life wondering if he ever really knew.



*Avenue C*

Josh Lamberth





**Chiasso**  
Becca Burslem

BECCA BURSLEM



**Shear Fabrics Design Logo**  
Erika Bilbo

## Lead Her Astray

CAITLIN G. KEARNS

I want to grab her face and let her hair shine red in the sunlight.  
Watch as the rays dye her eyes red  
and burn myself as the rays scorch away her inhibitions.  
Spinning her in circles and dancing with her until her spirit unlocks its cage  
I want to teach her that adventure is the key to life  
Tell her that I am alive and ask her if she is ready to live  
Gretel, leave your trail in stones instead of breadcrumbs  
Leave your mark  
I want break through the caution tape and sink my feet into wet cement  
Enticing her to do the same  
Let the world see the creases in her own palms  
Lengthen her lifeline,  
Tempt her to breathe in rebellion.  
A soul yearning for more is not ungrateful to God  
A heart burning for a life lived makes God laugh  
Not shake his head in shame.  
I want to sit on the sidelines so she can take the spotlight  
Allow God to stare down at her and surround her with moonlight  
Cool the fire so she can become what true mortals are  
Angels with imperfections.



## Doctor's Office

JACOB SMITH

I was sitting there  
Waiting for my weekly check-up  
And they walked in.  
A mother and son.  
I don't know them.  
But I feel like they are family.  
I see them every week.  
We never spoke  
Until one day a lady asked  
For directions to a Starbucks.  
We haven't spoken since.  
Last week the mom winked.  
I think she knew I was  
Another mother's son  
And she just wanted me to know  
That I am loved.

Her son, he's 11 maybe, every week,  
Crawls up under the end table.  
And waits. His mom  
Doesn't understand.  
When the doctor comes, he peers out  
And smiles.  
I think he's scared  
And needs somebody to hold his hand,  
As he conquers  
A big, scary world

**Photogram**

Paul Possien



## Advice to a Reporter

KATHRYN JOHNSON

When you speak, six o'clock sharp, inside the television,  
Showing little interest or care,  
For events that you begin to share,  
How do you keep from coming undone?

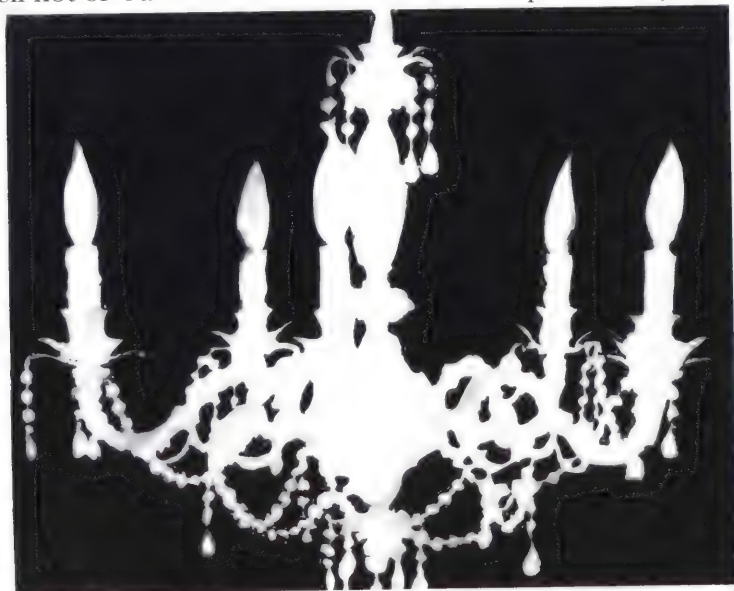
A video showing debris plays upon the screen.  
You report that eight young people are gone.  
We can't understand how things went so wrong,  
As we stare at the horrific and mind-boggling scene.

Do not sit there behind your desk with that blank stare,  
Reciting empty numbers and words.  
Eight souls are released from the ashes as birds.  
Are you completely unaware?

Talk of the young man who made a sacrifice  
So that another could live. Of the girl-  
Who had big dreams to one day change the world.  
Don't repeat the statistics, here is my advice:

Go to the town and hear from each victim,  
Let them know that we hear their cries.  
See the pain in the mothers' and fathers' eyes,  
For at that moment, the future seems impossibly grim.

Eventually, a new beginning will arise from the debris.  
We must try to find hope amidst the suffering and sorrow;  
The past cannot be changed, but we can control tomorrow.  
Tell not of our bad times- but of our triumphant story.



**4 PM, Gameday**

Chelsea Smith

## This Little Light of Mine

BARRON

Gently sliding  
Slipping down.  
Waning beneath  
the fire.

### *I melt with affliction.*

The part of me that  
feels without  
senses  
is a puddle of wax  
the wick leaves  
Behind.  
Fluidity in pain  
cools is hardened  
streams of  
my soul.  
And  
I am aware  
that my heart still beats  
in the flickering flame.

And  
I am aware  
of the proximity of  
the darkness.

## Anxiety

AJ VANDERWOUE

The anxiety quickly climbs to peak  
Like the grave stench of knowing she will leave.  
Since no one cares if I want to speak  
Let me mark at the wounded words and grieve.

Both love and literature are intertwined  
In a rope of regression and extremes.  
There's no inspiration or rescue I find  
From hard sought words splitting the seams.

I can numb my heart but pain scorns in the end,  
And I can change the words that you tell me.  
Nothing will make my pain easy to comprehend.  
No changes will falter anxiety.



***Outward Bound Peacebuilding Poster***

Shannon Leutzinger



***No Riders on the Cotton Conveyor***

Austin Nelson



***Tahiti***

Mary Catherine Clem





***Mockingbird***  
Hillary Floyd

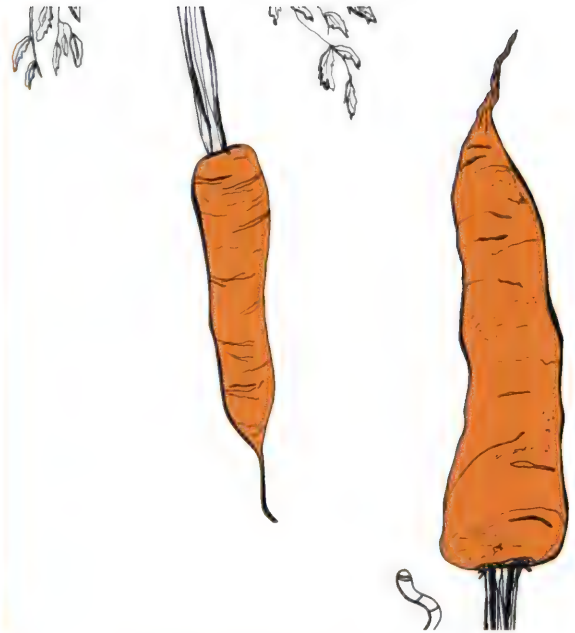


***Ancient Columns***  
Jennifer McAleer



***Growing Colors Children's Book***

Janna Joehl



***African Sunset***

Caitlin Bearden



***Skyline***

Fran Bishop



***Odds***

Kevin Johnson







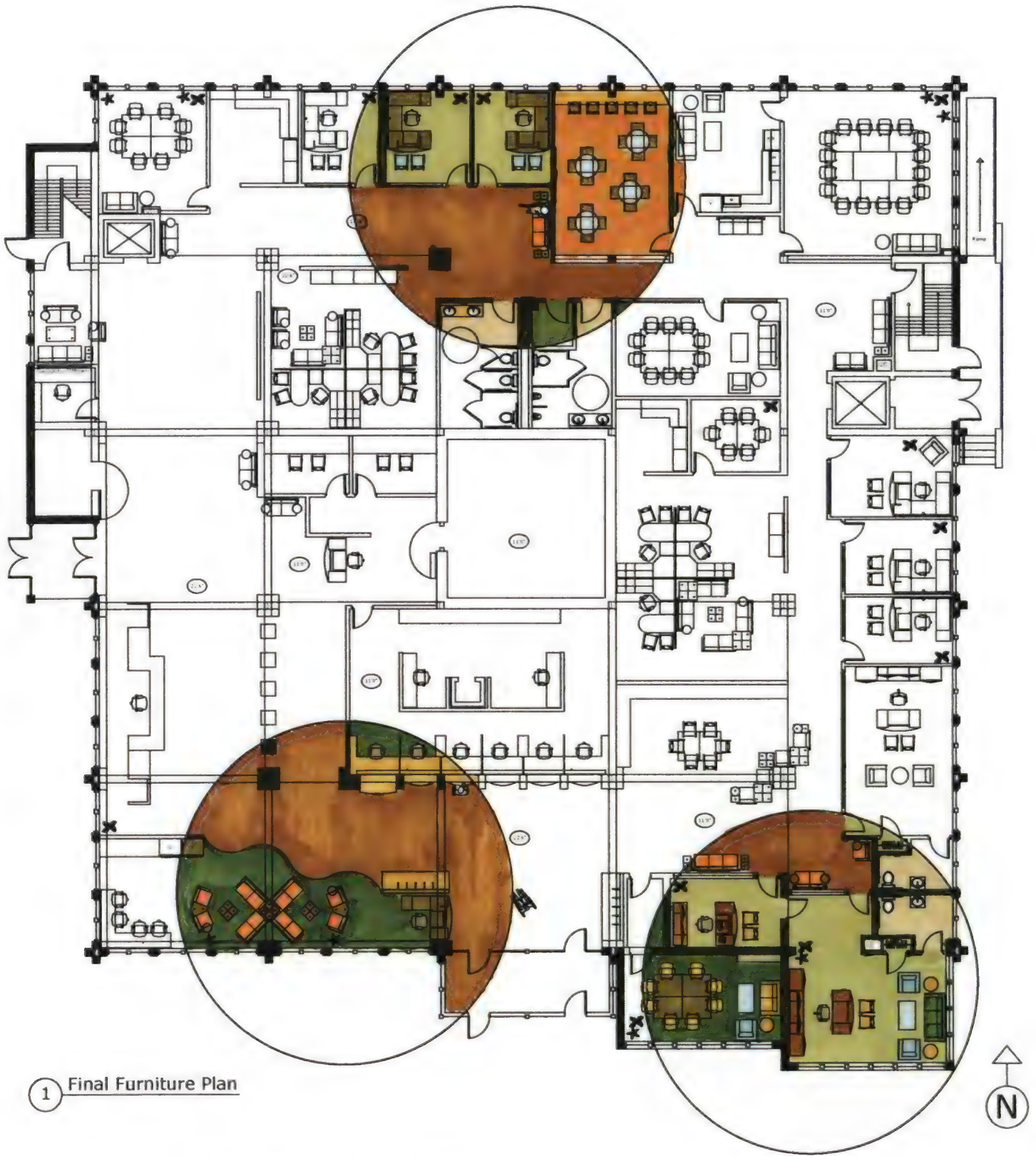
***Adult Playground Equipment***  
Benjamin Bush



***Reed***  
Alexandra Belcher



***Arches***  
Michael Wekall



*Jubilee Bank Furniture Plan*  
Jennifer McAleer



*Rose Stitch Back & Side Detail*  
Rachel Wallace



*Guilty as Charged*  
Anna-Marie Settime



*Dog Daze*  
Alina Phillips







***Hot Rod***  
Brandon Dean



***Color***  
Ali McGuinn



***African Chess***  
Caitlin Bearden



***Abstract Overhang Detail***  
Kristina Tanner





"**Design** in art, is a *recognition* of the *relation* between *various* things, various elements in the *creative flux*. You can't invent a design. **You** recognize it, in the **fourth dimension**. That is, with your blood and your **bones**, as well as with your **eyes**" —D.H. Lawrence

**Design**  
Cassie Caraway

## **Waiting**

JACOB SMITH

I was trying to go unnoticed  
But I was waiting for her  
I would've slipped into a booth  
But I wanted to wait  
I stepped inside the diner because  
It was cold outside  
I tried to keep my feet still  
I slipped my fingers into my  
Pockets hanging my thumb  
On the outside trying to seem  
Unaffected, rooted  
"You okay baby?"  
The waitress asked  
I told her I was just waiting  
I keep looking for her  
But she is none of the people  
I can see

## **Steady**

JOSEPH EDGAR

so cold and dreary,  
but oh so peaceful,  
the sound of the rain  
steady as the clouds it falls from in the sky,  
so calm, so fluid, as if it will never end,  
but it will,  
sunny sky's will come,  
with better days,  
and i pray everyting will be as steady  
as the rain when it comes.



# For Whom the Bell Clones

ROBERT HINSHAW

He was walking out adjusting his vest when he turned in the doorway, “Two eggs, juice, and a steak! A steak dammit!” She was crying, sitting on the sofa. “Did you get that?” She kept her head buried in her hands and nodded yes. He stepped out of the front door and hailed a cab. He watched his own reflection in the window as he rode to work. He was deep in thought for a long time, looking at the back of his hands, clenching and unclenching his fists. “This afternoon”, he thought, “this afternoon it all shall end”.

His sperm was bad, he knew this, but still he blamed her for having bad eggs. “You’re useless”, he said as she placed breakfast in front of him, “completely useless”. He stabbed his fork into some yellow, scrambled egg. “If only you’re eggs were as good as the eggs you make, then maybe we’d be onto something. Except this one”, he held up a brown, burnt piece on the end of his fork, “this is more like your eggs”, he pointed at her stomach, “all used up and black”. She was used to this and didn’t say anything. She kept her back to him, finishing some dishes in the sink. “It’s why I’ll need a clone”, he said. She quit scrubbing for a moment, but only a moment, and kept going. “It’ll be your job to raise him.” They had only been married two months when she began to regret it. He was demanding, stayed out late, insulted her, and never helped out around the house. He made a living, but limited the amount of money she got per month. “Yes, I’ve got it all arranged at the lab. You’ll have no genetic Input with him, but you must raise him. When he reaches 20 years of age, we’ll fight to the death for your honor”, he was wiping his mouth and putting the napkin on the plate, “What do you think?” She stopped washing and stood still for a minute, “WHAT DO YOU THINK!?” he roared. “Okay Paul” she said. He stood to go.

When he married her he knew his sperm was bad. He got kicked in the crotch at the running of the bulls in Chernobyl. The bull had a radioactive hoof. He didn’t tell her this when they met and were dating. He fed her lines about waiting until marriage. She thought it odd for a long time; he used to recline in his chair and stare at her stomach, in the region of her uterus. “It looks healthy, almost like a crib”, he’d say, “I can see a fine child being raised in it!” and he would smile at her, this broad smile, glaring and hiding something, some malice. She thought it odd that he talked about her uterus. She wanted a child more than anything. After the first time they slept together he rolled over in bed and said, “Yep, your eggs are no good. I could tell.” She kept quiet, staring at the ceiling. He couldn’t perform; his radioactive bull kicked genitals were completely useless. “It just wasn’t enough to get me going, your eggs are inefficient. I was suspicious of this from the first time I met you.” He rolled over on his side, away from her, she was crying very quietly, “In the morning”, he began, “I’ll have black coffee and two scrambled eggs with some toast. I’ll see you in the morning.” She didn’t sleep, but watched the moon coming through the slanted shutters on the window.

He couldn’t get on with his work today. He ran a local newspaper and had a small office on the corner downtown. His paper didn’t circulate very well. It didn’t circulate very well because all of his stories were about his developing son and recent developments in cloning. He gave a weekly update on his son’s progress. How strong he was, how much he weighed, how high he could jump. He, himself, had gotten into very good shape too. He lifted weights and trained with a spear every night after work. He was very quick and agile for a 48 year old man. He used to threaten his wife with a spear. He’d come charging up the steps from the basement and yell at her, “Got anything? Got anything?” and he’d jab at her from a distance. At first she was terrified, but after the first week she hardly stopped what she was doing and would either continue to set out dinner or do the dishes, “Got anything? Huh, huh? Give me something, try it? Pshhhh, you’re as frightened as your ovaries” he’d say, setting the spear aside. He walked around the house in a loin cloth, with a bandanna tied around his head. His clone was in the attic training all day and all night. He had a camera system rigged up in the attic and the only channel you could get in the whole house broadcast his clone training. He would sit on the couch and watch him, “yes! Yes! Jab! Yes! It’s all coming together now! Jab, and turn! Yes, yes! Brilliant movements, so fluent, a worthy foe!” This was the only time he would compliment his wife, “you’ve done well in raising him. I can see he is growing stronger”, he’d say with some reserve before heading up to his master bedroom. His wife had to sleep on a cot in the living room.

He toyed with a headline in to the evening, and hearing the grandfather clock dong out 5 tones, began to pack up for the day's close. "It is time", he thought excitedly, "the day has come". He hailed a cab very anxiously, his hand fluttering on the end of his wrist, "Taxi! Taxi! Yes, 49<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup>... 49<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup>... that's right, that's right". He sat in the back breathing quickly with excited breaths, going over in his head all the moves he would make and mentally sizing up his clone.

He jumped out of the cab nearly forgetting to pay the cabbie; he turned and threw some money in the window, then ran up the stairs with his briefcase slapping his leg, like a madman. He threw the door open. His wife was at the sink doing dishes, she turned to look at him. He stood with his back flat against the inside of the door. "Oh it's time", he said, "Time", he surveyed the house with an excited look and ran up to his wife kissing her on the cheek and smoothing her hair back with his hand, looking her in the eyes, he said, "You've been a worthy servant my love" and pulling her into a tight embrace with tears in his eyes, "Oh a most worthy servant in deed. At times I dare say I felt some affection for you". She was bewildered at this show of emotion. He held her out at arm's length and said, "Did you feed him?" She said nothing, but weakly nodded, "Oh capital! Just capital!" He ran up stairs excitedly, leaving his briefcase at the door, and taking off his coat as he went up, kicking off his shoes and undoing his tie, "Oh it's time!" he exclaimed. "Summon him!" he called, poking his head back down the stairs, and then with a more calm and subdued expression, "Summon him!"

His wife hit the button near the sink and heard a snarl come from upstairs, followed by heavy feet hitting the ground. She stood with her back to the sink, staring at the door in the wall where her cloned responsibility would enter. This was his first time out of the attic. She heard a confused roar and a crashing sound when the wall slid upwards and standing there in a loincloth with his hands tense at his side, like a badger's claws, his chest rising and heaving with deep breaths, and his arms twitching, with legs like knotted trees and a strong back, appeared her "son". He leaned his head back to let out a beastly roar and turned his head around examining the new and confusing room. Then, spotting his mother, tensed down into a snarl, and coiled up, like he was about to pounce. She clutched the sink and let her hand slide across the counter till she felt the handle of a butcher's knife. She pulled it tight behind her back and held it there, keeping her eyes on the beast when he sprung forward and began to charge.

She couldn't bring herself to swing, she tensed up in fear and her knees began to buckle, she screamed and brought her hands up to her face when she heard a soft pff of air and looked up to see her husband smiling, descending the steps with a tranquilizer gun in his hands. The beast lay at her feet, breathing deeply in a comatose slumber. She was crying and still terrified. Her heart was racing. Her husband came down with a look of awe at his clone who lay on the ground. He looked just like him, except his clone had about 50 extra pounds of pure muscle and wild, misshapen sharp teeth. But the large protruding nose was there, along with the look of anger and resentment, and the dark deep set eyebrows and eyeballs. The husband bent down to the clone and rubbed his hand over the clone's head, "Oh how perfect" he said, with tears welling up in his eyes, "How beautiful!" He looked up at his wife and saw that she was clutching a knife, "What is this!" he screamed in anger, standing up and grabbing her by the wrist, "What the hell is this?!" She broke into deep sobs, "You whore!" he said, "You whore, you useless, useless whore. If only you could provide me with a son we wouldn't have this problem!" She kept sobbing, "Go get the car" he said with anger in his voice, "Go get the car".

The showdown was to happen at a local little league baseball field. He had advertised it in his paper for months, and expected a large and raucous crowd, but do to poor circulation of the paper, only three patrons showed up and they were sitting spread out from one another in the metal bleachers. A yellow car pulled up and the man stepped out leading the beast in shackles. His wife got out too, holding a cattle prod and a whip. The beast was still weary, but was beginning to come around. The man walked over and set him down in the dugout. The beast sat, staring through the chain linked fence onto the playing field. The man did some stretches and some quick thrusts with his spear, and then walked out to home plate to address the audience. There was one man in a coat and full brimmed hat who looked disinterested. A woman with frizzy hair and a large bag of some sorts and an old man who was shuffling a deck of playing cards in his hand, reclining on the bleacher behind him. "Good evening", he began, "You have all come tonight to witness what is truly a



monumental event”, he spread his arms out wide and showed a large smile, “You will not be disappointed”. “This”, he said, gesturing to the dugout, “Is my adversary. My clone, raised from birth in my attic for the purpose of fighting me here today.” The people looked over at the dugout, and the woman stood up to get a better view. “He is 20 years old, 6’4” and weighs 275 pounds of pure muscle. He truly is a modern marvel, a wonder of the modern world”. The beast was coming too, snarling and struggling against his shackles. The man’s wife stood at a distance with her cattle prod ready. The beast snarled at her and she made an aggressive gesture with the prod. “We will fight here to the death, for your enjoyment, for the greatest spectacle in modern newspaper history. I assure you we will not disappoint. I thank you all for coming, and please, enjoy the show”. He turned to walk away and one of the attendees spoke up, “excuse me... don’t we get free T-shirts?” The man turned, “yes, but I left them at home in my haste to get here. Please forgive me. I’ll send them out after the battle”. The man shuffling cards continued to shuffle, and the lady sat with her knees pulled into her chest. The field lights were still humming as they warmed up, it was 10 PM on a warm early summer night. The man turned to go to his own dugout, stretching his arms and legs as he went.

The clone stood at third base while the man stood on first, with his spear in hand. The wife was at a safe distance from the beast, ready to relieve him of his shackles with a strong pull of the chain. Her husband stood across the field shouting orders, “Now wait Edaline, wait for my word”, he said, crouching down into a ready position, “Alright Edaline...” she tensed, ready to pull and pick up her cattle prod if need be, “Alright Edaline, steady, steady... now!” The chains flew off of the beast. He stood breathing deeply and roared. The man tossed his spear up and down in his loose grip, trying to get a firm and comfortable handle on his weapon. The beast looked around angrily and began to stagger towards the middle of the baseball field. The man began to approach, “I’ve raised you”, he said, “From your embryotic stage to the man that you are today. If, IF!, you can defeat me, then you will truly have become a man and can succeed me as rightful heir to this name and gene pool. I have the utmost faith that I will destroy you clone as I have created you and have the full ability to do as I please, now if you will test your strength, your will, and the will of god, approach me!” None of this registered with the clone who continued to blindly pace around the baseball field, taking slow but powerful steps, like a child first learning to walk, “Have at you clone!” the man exclaimed and sprinted forward with the spear sticking out at his side.

The clone sidestepped the jab and the man went staggering past. The clone stood, drooling, and breathing heavy, when he let out a viscous roar. The man was confused and it took him a minute to regain his composure when he spun and hit the clone with the butt end of his spear. It drew blood over the clone’s eye, which sent him into a rage. The clone roared with vengeance, “HOOOOOAAAARRRR!” and reared back with his claw like hand, slashing it over the man’s face. The man fell to the ground covering his face, where blood streamed from in between his fingers, “Oh god! Oh God!” he screamed, “Edaline! The prod! The prod!” the beast seized him from behind and grabbed him around the midsection, “The prod!” he screamed, but Edaline didn’t do anything, she just stood watching, “No Paul” she said, “Not this time”. And he screamed in pain as the clone ripped him in half, tossing his torso to the opposite side of the baseball field.



***Mobile Bay Pelican***  
Amanda Eubanks



***Vernacular***  
Josh Lamberth

## **The Photograph**

KATHRYN GOODMAN

Much to the dismay of her,  
silence was no virtue.  
But rather a sin riding on deaf ears.

He stood next to her in effortless solitude,  
a noble war scarred soldier with a film of flame over  
his eye.

Silence, not an essence of language left their voids.

There they stood, in this seemingly innocent moment  
in time.

One immortal emotion trapped in a permanent false  
rapture,

framed by detailed gold  
and carefully covered by smudged glass.  
An everlasting, unchanging photograph.



***Youth***  
Cathryn Swinson



# Dinner Fights

WILL FARGASON

“No, stay right where you are, I’ll come get you.”  
But what was he thinking? “Come towards my  
room –  
Can you hear me?”

“I hear you,” she coughed out.

He stepped over the dirty clothes on the floor,  
As he slowly made his way to the door.  
“Hurry along now, the air’s turning thick.”

“The alarm never went off.”

“They were old ”

“What?”

“I changed them just like you said to do,  
But the batteries I used must have been old.  
But there’s no time for that, not here; now hurry!  
Come closer, come to my voice, now hurry!”

“The walls are getting hot, it hurts my hands.”

“Feel in front of you and stay low. Come around  
Down the stairs and I’ll meet you at the bottom.”

Her hands reached out for the handrail they installed  
Last December for her now deceased parents.  
Something, just something to hold onto now  
Besides a burning voice awaiting her down below.  
Why is he so calm? But the smoke fogged up  
Her mind the answer she so desperately needed.

The hallway made a sharp turn near the table  
That held the urn. The boards squeaked underneath  
Both her feet as she took the flight downstairs.  
They gave in to her weight, buckled and broke.

“Vesta! What was that?” he cried, as she fell  
Into the hallway closet. But he had known  
The stairs were broken already, so he wondered  
Why he had asked for a reply for an outcome  
That was premeditated during the night before.

He saw the whole thing unfold before him,  
But ran over surprised. The wall to the right

Crumbled and fell like her body, exploding fireworks  
In a vast sweeping shower of reds and yellows.

Finding the stairs lining the floor of the house,  
Leading to the crumpled body engulfed inside,  
He stepped towards the woman who was buried  
underneath,  
The woman that he once called his wife, and smiled.

“No more dinner fights,” he coldly said to himself.  
He reminded himself then, to never again,  
Intentionally leave the stove on all night.



***Tire Swing***

Trae Compton

# FILM FESTIVAL

Jay Sanders 11th annual

## Call for Entries

Jay Sanders Film Festival  
Tuesday, April 8, 2008  
at Auburn University

A Film Festival showcasing College  
and High School Student Films

Entries must be received by  
Thursday, February 21, 2008

Entry Form and Information Available @  
[www.auburn.edu/student\\_info/film/festival.html](http://www.auburn.edu/student_info/film/festival.html)

### Categories:

(both college and high school)

Abstract/Experimental  
Animation  
Documentary  
Narrative

### Awards:

1st place: \$1000  
2nd place: \$600  
3rd place: \$275



MO>IE  
GALLERY

**Film Festival Poster**  
Meredith Dowdy



## At a Loss

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS

I've been betrayed by words – I should have known.  
Elusive, cracked, too weak for musings tangled  
Untamed wisps of longing, overgrown –  
Demanding incarnation. So I scramble  
In cliché scraps of sincere-sounding words,  
Distaining propagation of more lies  
And sweet deceit that's spoken softly, slurred.  
Rehearsing someone else's lines, truth writhes  
Behind averted eyes. So listen! What  
Is there to say? Who can unsever this  
Communication gap – a canyon. Words cut  
Off – just ragged resells cheap as ever.  
A flimsy phrase, a taunting, tattered screen.  
And what you say is never what you mean.

## Forgive Me Protégé

CAITLIN G. KEARNS

Lay me down and let me sleep  
Blow sand on my face  
Rest next to me but do not tire  
Wrap me in arms of heat  
Be my wool quilt,  
a small lamb of warmth  
Breathe sweet breath to my lips  
Watch me  
Care for me  
Keep me  
in one arch of one eye  
Look to the left  
with your cheek to my chin  
And hold me.

## Morning Commute

WILL FARGASON

A clean pressed Brioni suit on my back  
And a silk tie noosed around my neck,  
Paired with a triple-shot grande latte,  
Was the formula to start my every day.

The Beemer was in the shop that day,  
So I had to take the city bus in,  
Which was always really out of my way,  
And held that dull, sour smell of urine.

I saw a man riding a bike on the side of the road  
He kept up with the bus despite his age,  
And he was wearing a smorgasbord of dirty clothes.  
His back pocket let go of a yellowed newspaper page

That flew and danced with the fumes as we passed  
And a bottle fell out of his jacket and crashed  
Upon the concrete and he never looked back,  
For its empty contents forced out the facts.

It seems that the more you age,  
Your most worn facial expressions  
Get stuck by wrinkles on you face.  
His deep furrows revealed buried lesions.

Our eyes met in an equally detached stare,  
His forced smile scrutinizingly glared.  
I nodded back, down to him through my gloss,  
I had missed my stop but it was no real loss.

*Passin' Thru*  
Alina Phillips





***Paradise***  
Becky Mercer



***The Water's Gonna Wash It All Away***  
Julia Starke



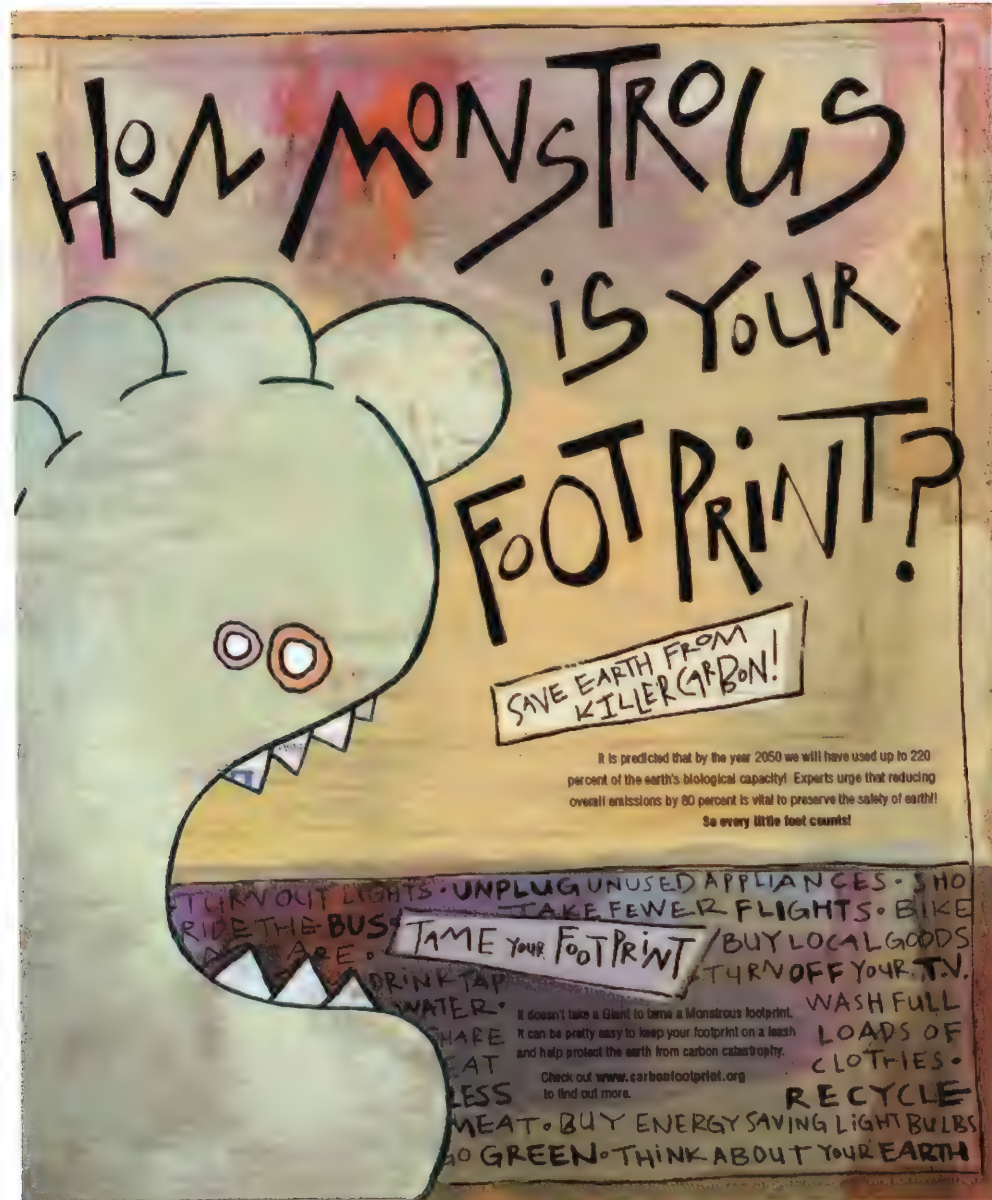
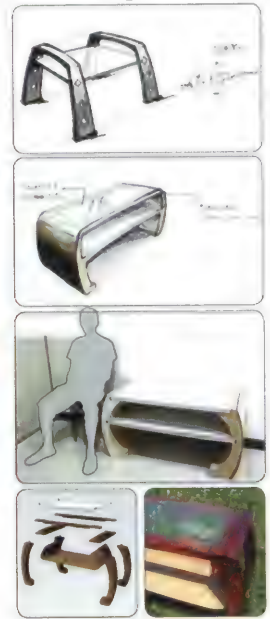
***Jubilee Bank Elevation***  
Jennifer McAleer





**Kountryside at Night**  
Benjamin Bush

**Tung Flower Table**



**Monster**  
Meredith Dowdy



*Tung Flower Table*  
Jason Robertson

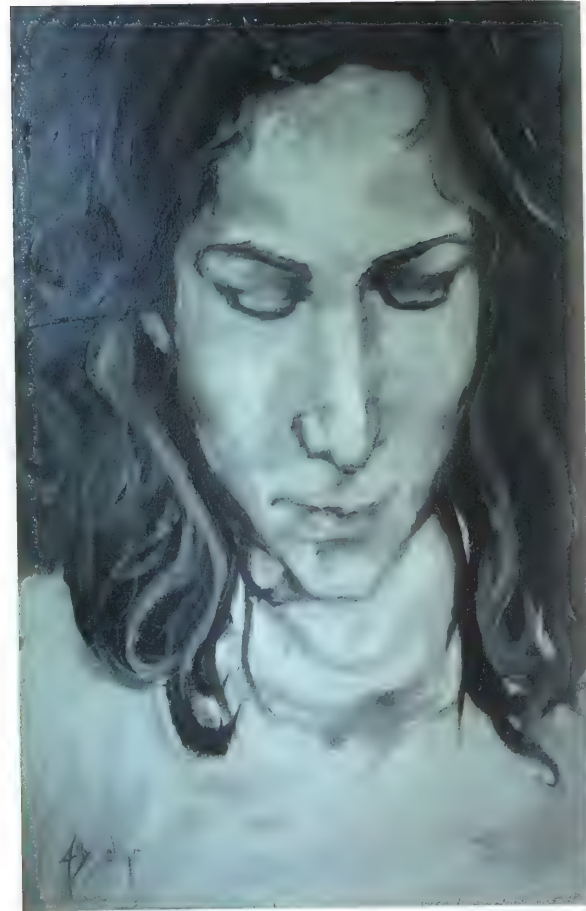
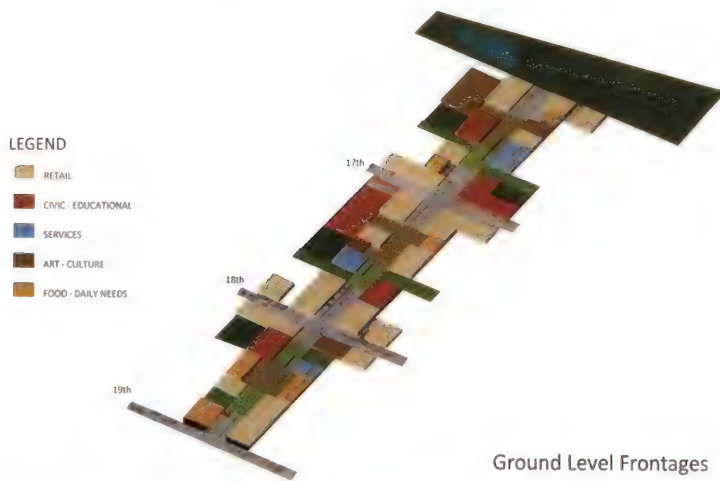
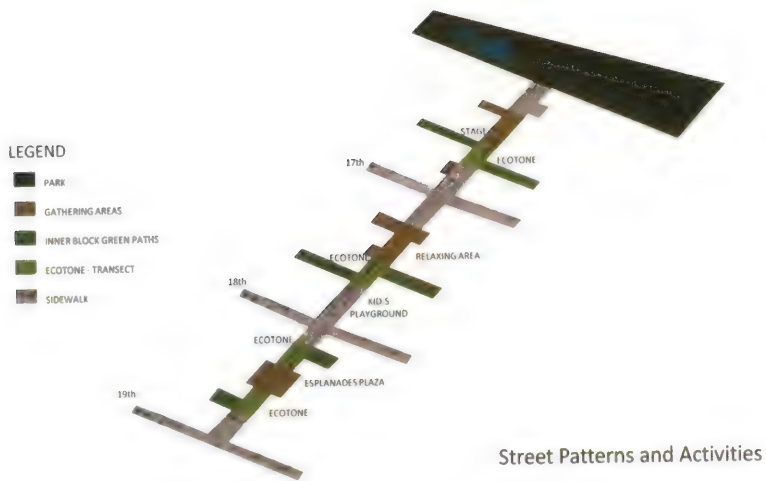
*Pacific Ocean*  
Lauren Brackeen



*Everything Zen*  
Stanton Burns







***Contemplative***  
Alexandra Belcher



***Urban Intersections***  
Joao Braz



***Lifeline***  
Alan Dennis





*The Pin-the-Tail-on-the-Donkey Ballet*  
Austin Nelson



*Design*  
Frances Gunnells



*Patterned Perspective*  
Evan Hicks





***Alice***

Kelly Evans





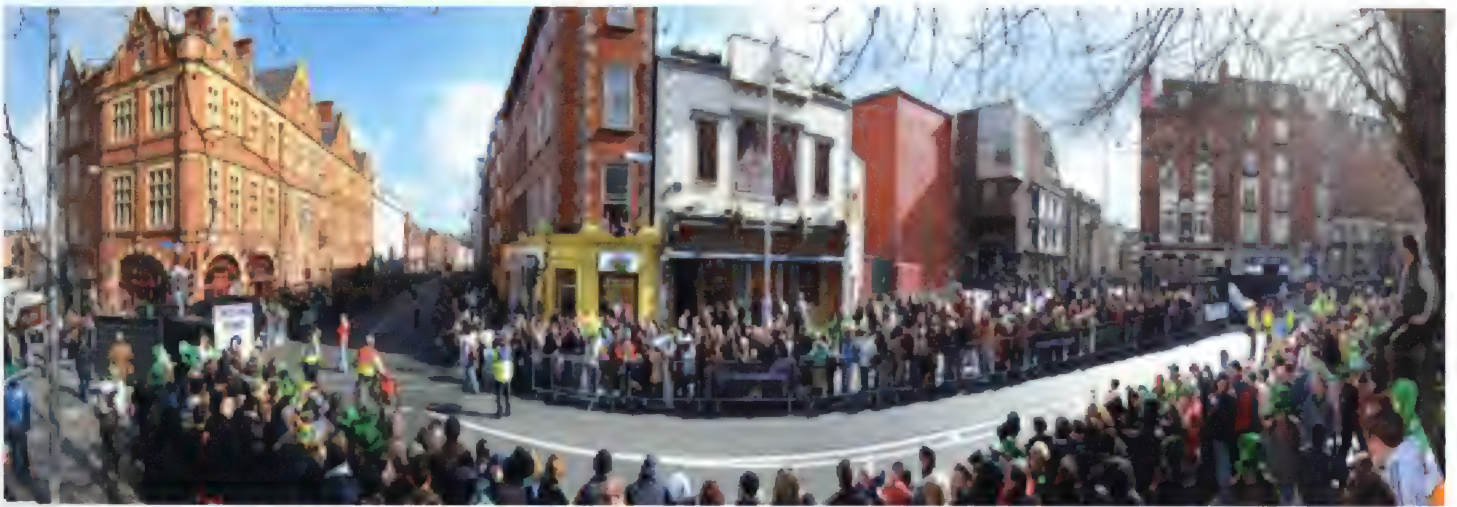
***No Yellow Stones***

Anna-Marie Settine



***Alliance***

Jamie Ankenbrandt



***St. Paddy's Day, Dublin***

Jason Robertson

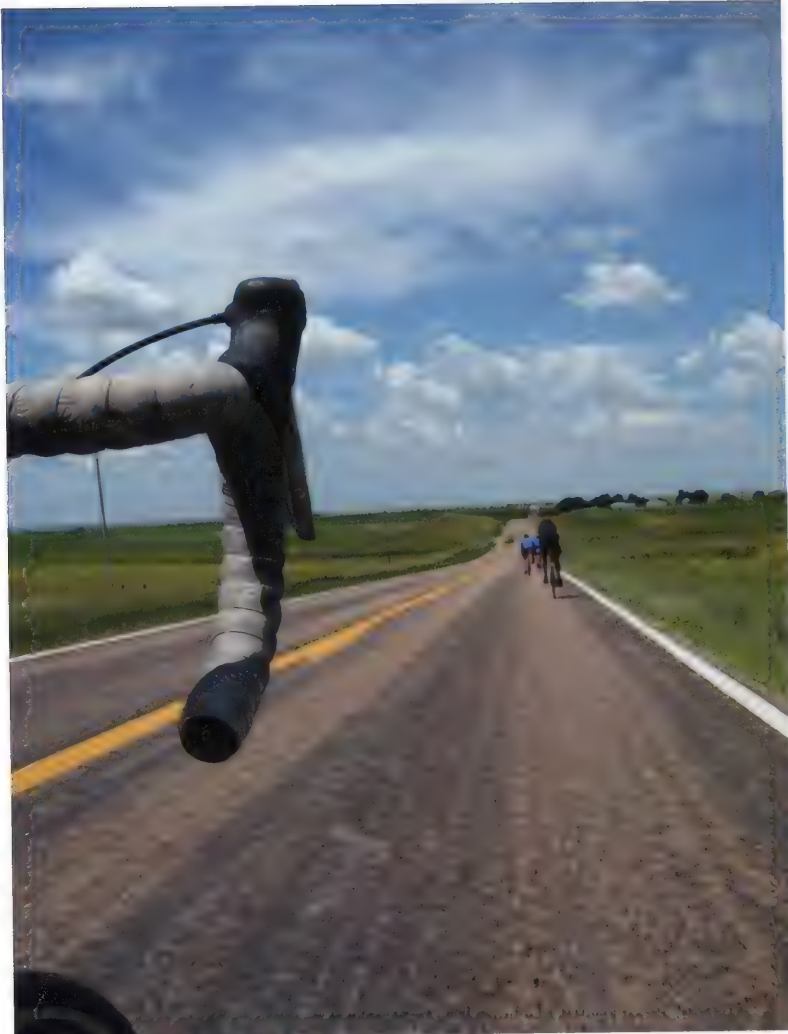


***Growing Colors Children's Book***

Janna Joehl







***Motion***  
Taylor Almond

***Lennon***  
Lauren Mikus



***Rendering***  
Matthew Livaudais



***Sephia Fashion***  
Fran Bishop

## Curtail Supremacy

CAITLIN G. KEARNS

I should have Beware tattooed on my forehead,  
in every language  
a shirt that says underdog  
and a tongue that salivates lies.  
I am a master at breaking down walls  
revealing concealed monsters  
and cracking good girl appearances.  
I am talented at making mended emotions  
Burst within one month.  
Fingernails snap as they snatch  
for the familiar hands I turned into strangers.  
I have perfected taking my safety zone  
and shattering it into three pieces.  
I am a prophet for the apocalyptic.  
I learned to change pessimists into optimists  
and for someone so optimistic  
I cause maximum damage.



**Zen**

Vanessa Hoppner

## Hold My Hand

AMY HANNUM

Hold my hand  
Guide me across this river  
Maybe I seem childish  
Maybe I am  
But I'm scared and I feel so young, so juvenile  
So hold my hand, blindfold my eyes, carry my body  
Do what you must to get me through this tumult  
The water so strong with its current and smooth  
power  
Look in my eyes and tell me I'll be ok,  
I'll come out on the other side better  
Because I'll believe you.

## Oh, Brother!

KATHRYN JOHNSON

Under a trellis of pine and oak  
We'd hide with paper towels full  
Of Cheerios and freshly filched figs.  
The dried up stream bed  
Became a deadly swirling river,  
And lazy milk cows were the  
Bloated, fire-breathing dragons.  
You roamed the countryside  
With terror encompassing the whites  
Of your eyes. Muddy boots aren't ladylike,  
So I retired to reality.

## Portrait of Oche-Finceco

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS

His eyes they glisten far too full and bright  
And follow me around the gallery  
Dying embers of some sorrowful spite  
From long ago, a time-arrested plea  
And still the past parades before his gaze  
He cannot look away, I too am seized  
By this dread story sealed in by-gone days  
Eyes closed I catch the scent of prairie breeze  
And tremble with a buffalo stampede  
Beyond me reach the soulful, yearning eyes  
Recounting madness, pain, heroic deeds.  
Prophetic vision breathes a thousand cries  
At deadly stealth encroaching on mankind.  
Compelled, I cast a frantic glance behind.



# First Day

JOHN TOURTELLOTTE

This is the truth. My first day of my freshman year at Auburn University I had a math class in Parker Hall. I would never attend that class. I was planning to drop it, but I thought I should attend the first day out of some sort of courtesy.

When I walked in the room my first thought was, “This is a really big math class.” I was in a large lecture hall, with over a dozen rows for students to sit, each row elevated at an angle comparable to Jordan Hare stadium’s seats. There were already people seated, although the room was mostly empty. I moved down about six rows from the bottom and seated myself in the seat on the aisle.

I was ten minutes early, so for lack of anything better to do I pulled out my iPod and started listening to music, and brought out a notebook to doodle in. I didn’t take long for the hall to fill up, and after I noticed this I shut off my iPod and returned it to my backpack. When I looked up after doing this, I noticed that the room’s projector had been turned on and a slide show was on the screen.

A slide show titled, “The Industrial Revolution.”

Last time I checked, math did not correlate with the Industrial Revolution.

But I didn’t panic. My first thought was that this was a leftover slideshow from the previous class. I looked down on the floor of the lecture hall and saw a person who looked like a GTA tinkering on the computer. But he stepped away and the Industrial Revolution remained on the projection screen.

I looked over to my right, and the girl seated next to me had titled her paper,

“World History II: The Industrial Revolution”

Now I started to panic. I gave no outward sign of it, but just as I looked up a man virtually charged into the room. He just *looked* like a history professor. Short, mustached, and bespectacled, not to stereotype history professors.

But now I was really panicking. I looked back to the back of the room to see the doors had been closed, and the professor was already talking. Any thoughts I had of attempting to bolt out of the room evaporated. Now I began to notice things about my accidental classmates that had eluded me before. None of them were giving off the uncertain, tentative vibes of freshmen. No, these were sophomores, with a year of college under their belts and all the confidence that comes with it.

At this point I am totally freaking out. I can’t just leave the class, because if I were to get up and do so I would have to climb twenty stairs and since the professor was already talking I would pull focus and attention and be a disruption of a class that I wasn’t supposed to be in. OR the professor would somehow sense my freshman status, then single me out and interrogate me as to why I was there and I would be humiliated in front of 100 people I didn’t know, and those 100 people would tell everyone they knew and before the end of the day I would be known as the freshmen who went to the wrong class.

Obviously, these fears were ridiculous. But they were the products of a panicky mind in an uncertain situation. But there is a wonderful clarity of mind that can come from the knowledge that you are utterly screwed. A feeling of calm washed over me and I decided, “The hell with it,” and resolved to stay put for the duration of the class.

I spent the next forty minutes pretending to look nonchalant while the professor talked about himself, his grading policies, and syllabus. The last ten minutes of class he devoted to asking questions about the Industrial Revolution, just to sound out who in his class were the history buffs. I’m a history buff, and I was in his class, even though I wasn’t really in his class.

“One of the most important innovations of the Industrial Revolution,” the professor said, “was a farming method that allowed farmers to use their land more productively than in the past. Can anyone tell me what this system was called?”

The silence following the question was profound. If anyone knew the answer, they were unwilling to

risk being thought of as a know-it-all by their classmates by answering. The silence stretched from moments into seconds, and the professor simply stood still, looking patient and watching the class, most of whom were looking anywhere but at him.

Now I was fresh out of high school, where if a question went unanswered for too long the teacher would go on a long rant about how college professors would not tolerate that kind of behavior.

More silence. It was killing me.

"Crop rotation," I called out, able to stand it no longer.

Heads of the class swung my way and I was simultaneously evaluated by some thirty strangers.

The professor pointed at me, "Correct. Now..." he proceeded to elaborate on crop rotation and asked further questions on it, but now people were willing to answer. Someone else had already broken the glass ceiling of answers, now it was safe. The professor glanced down at his watch and pronounced class to be over. I packed my bag along with my "classmates" and escaped with my dignity intact.

I dropped the math class the next day.



**Concept Vehicle**

Paul Possien



# The Perfect Fit

SHANNON DOYLE

The Gap is a brand that was created the United States to bring affordable clothing basics to a wide range of socio-economic backgrounds and age groups. What direction did the creators of the Gap take to create a welcoming environment for everyone to shop? They created a simple, unintimidating space that was easily recognizable to the masses. The designers of the Gap can be credited with a space that is considered by many to be a part of globalization in the twenty-first century.

The thing that makes the Gap stand out is that every store looks almost the same in layout. The stores have white walls. The woodwork, including the floors, is a light brown color. The Gap is like many chain stores in the way the clothes are set up with the jeans in cubbies and other clothes hung on the sides of the store and they are well-organized. In the middle of the stores are tables with t-shirts, underwear, sweaters, and accessories. The women's clothing is on one side with the men on the other side. The checkout is the middle of the store with the comfortable changing rooms in the back. The layout of the store allows the customer to have an enjoyable time shopping for clothes because it is uncomplicated and familiar. The most famous aspect of the store is the sign. At the entrance of each Gap is the boxy blue sign with Gap written in white. The sign is an international symbol of affordable clothing. People are comforted by this sign because it been around since it has been around since 1969 and is a trademark of the company. Since this image has been around for a while, people are more trusting of the brand and what it offers. Sometimes, the stores could be considered bland and unappealing to people who look for uniqueness in their clothing and accessories. Still, the monotony of the stores has helped the Gap to succeed on a nationwide level and to a lesser extent, on an international level. When a chain store is designed, the most appealing part for many customers knows that they can go into a store and get the same quality clothing in each store.

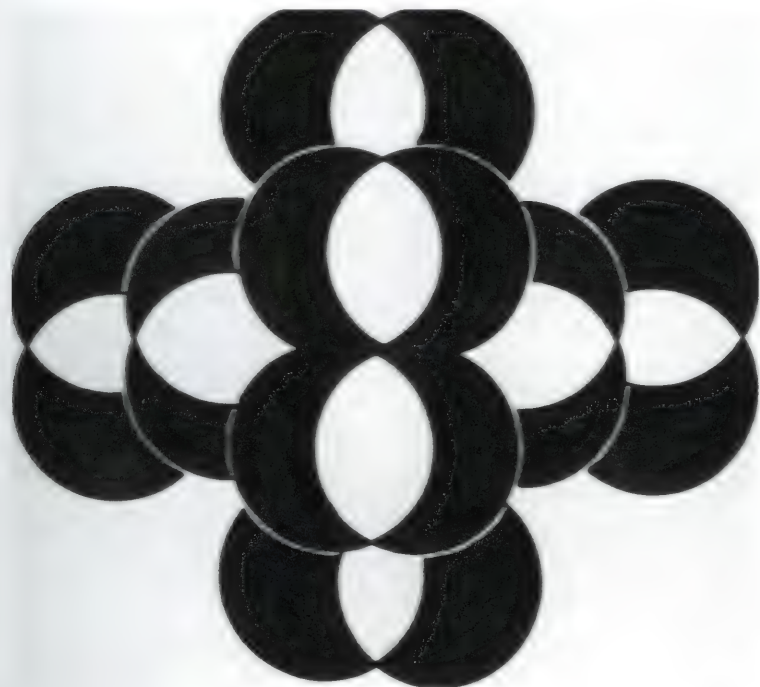
The Gap is well-known for its ad campaigns. The campaigns include celebrities of different professions. They are actors, singers, models, and socialites like Liv Tyler, Terrence Howard, and Stephanie Seymour. On the store walls and in the window posters of the campaigns are seen by the customers. The posters are designed differently for each collection the Gap puts in its stores. In spring and summer the posters have bright clothing with a white background. The fall and winter posters have shades of gray and black. The most recent fall/winter campaign includes phrases that go with each celebrity picture with name of the clothing and actor plus the price of the garment in the space below. The phrases have personalized messages from the celebrity that have inspirational tones. Liv Tyler's phrase was *Trust Your Own Intuition*. Another popular slogan for the Gap is the use of phrases like *the perfect t-shirt* and *the perfect jacket*. By creating these messages and placing them in the stores, any reminder of a class structure disappears because the average customer can feel like even celebrities shop at the Gap; and the customer feels they have access to clothing that fits every shape.

In the past, the Gap logo could be seen on sweaters and t-shirts. This has changed in the past year with the new creative director Patrick Robinson. The clothing is now logo-free. This is the company's attempt to draw in customers from retailers like H&M and Zara. These retailers tend to attract a larger diversity than the Gap and are more successful on the international level. The style of the Gap has always been casual but the designers are also trying to appeal to upper class clients by the quality of the clothes and design, and by eliminating the logos. An image of Gap stores recently is its' Product (Red) apparel created to help African women and children in the fight against HIV/AIDS. By creating a charity clothing line and appealing to peoples' hearts, the Gap brings in extra profit and becomes more recognizable by the world. Patrick Robinson has succeeded in attracting new customers as the profits for the Gap have increased from the past few years. The Gap was founded on youthful appearances although in the past I have felt that they actually sell more to middle age people. Recently I have noticed that more and more young people go into the store because of the new clothing designs..

The Gap's space is that it is a simple place. There is no music playing in the store to distract the customers. The store never seems too crowded with people. It contrasts with other chain stores like H&M and Forever 21 where the alternative music is often played and the customers can be less respectful. In a store, the

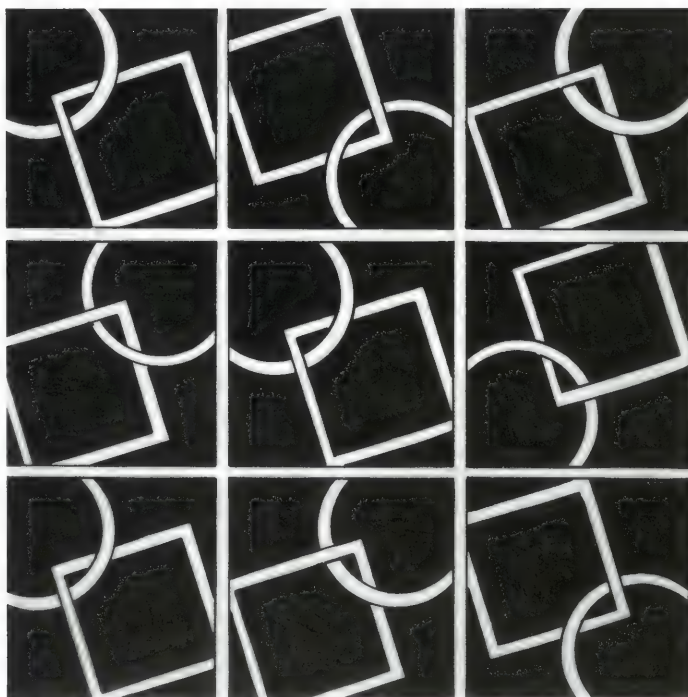
attitude of the staff is an important part of the philosophy of the space. In many expensive stores the staff can seem standoffish and snobbish. Other cheaper stores that appeal to the younger generation tend to employ sales assistants that come off as inexperienced and rude. The reason many people prefer the affordable clothing of the Gap to even cheaper clothing stores is because the staff is professional and do not fit into one stereotype. Most of the stores are neatly organized which allows browsing for clothes to be easier for the customer which appeared to be important to the sales assistants.

The structure of the Gap leads me to conclude that it has been designed to appeal to every potential customer that walks by the store. Of course, the more fashion- forward customers are often disappointed by the look of each store and the clothes in them. This fact cannot take away from the fact that the Gap's main goal is to create the classic basic clothing and people do not go to the store for statement pieces like they would of they went in Chanel or Dior. The white walls, wood floors and posters have created a comfortable space for the



*Untitled*  
Kayla Roberts

*Untitled*  
Kayla Roberts





## **Dickinson Imitation**

JOE HWANG

'Tis unavoidable -- this giant named Death --  
A soubriquet would be Thief --  
A Robber of Life, yet also a Chef  
With a nocuous recipe.  
As Time works against the Human flesh  
Incipient -- old age becomes --  
The once young legs, now no longer fresh  
The Weary to Rest succumbs.  
Desultory -- this Creature may seem  
To obfuscate even Scholars,  
Agog to dominate all of Life's Schemes,  
Both Rich and the Poor to devour.  
Devious -- with a plethora of Ways  
To take one's final Breath --  
And send them mordantly to the Grave --  
This Veteran Conqueror named Death.

## **Silly Sonnet**

KATHRYN JOHNSON

If it is a square, it is a sonnet.  
That's what my teacher told me yesterday,  
But what if I use every ounce of wit  
To show that I can write it any way?  
Perhaps I'll make my sonnet be a shape  
No human eye has ever seen before,  
Shakespeare himself will stare with mouth agape,  
He won't be King of Sonnets anymore.  
Everyone will marvel at my genius,  
At how I managed such a massive feat.  
For every poem I write I'll earn A-plus  
The praise and recognition will be sweet.  
But wait! This sonnet did become a square.  
Oh, writing poems won't get me anywhere!

## **She Cretid**

ANDREA COOK

I believe that the lathe wouldn't have turned, if I had only ever gotten to kiss her beside it. Therefore I believe in romance, the very same romance as you.

I believe in my choices, which gives me the knowledge it was my doing. That I should have screamed out earlier, when I saw my heart and my mind dismissed blatantly.

I believe in the honesty of my deceit, without ignoring the irony that I did not tell them, and that I was not butch enough to lie, only omit.

I believe in an open mind, in a sound notion that while some people hate, mostly people fear, and that in my own self I recognize these same stubborn qualities.

I believe if you could have seen her that morning it would explain my queerness to all.

I believe in the humanity of strangers, but I no longer believe your diversity seminar, and politically polite speak of tolerance and acceptance which means nothing at all.

I believe in my conscious decision to love, because it is the ultimate freedom and because it is my own. And that I can best show this power by speaking fearlessly, existing openly, and standing firmly with myself.

And because a radically beautiful woman reminded me of these things, I survived in Auburn and loved it.

# Dream of an Artist

ANNA ELMORE

I stood in the middle of a pale gray road, one foot on either side of the faded yellow paint which formed the “no passing” zone. Looking ahead, I could see the road curving off to the left, behind me it twisted in the opposite direction. The air was crisp around me, I remember that very well, and although the sun had rolled around to the western edge of the sky, I could see the half-moon above me, neither just left nor just right, but sitting with an obstinate resistance directly over my head, mocking me.

The problem was that I didn’t know which way to go. To my left stood a city, full of its beautifully dark towers, rainbow-tinted lights, shiny red sports cars, and thousands of people surrounded by their devices of instant gratification, such as cell-phones, fast-food, the internet. You name it; they had thought of it and built it. And wasn’t I a child of this world? It had been created for *me* just as for them. Why not move my other foot just over that yellow line below me and go to that world where I could *be* someone, granted I would only be one person among a million others.

But what about the world which stood just to my right? To some, it might look like there existed nothing on that side of the road, but I knew better. On that side could be found a stream moving past an ancient Water Oak. A little stream, yes, but one that I knew would trickle its way down the hillside, through a forest, would merge with a creek or a river, flow over rocks worn down by millennia of snow and ice and storm and eventually it would reach the sea. Most people wouldn’t think of it, but I would, because the quiet world on that side of the road offered a knowledge which could not be found on the left, in the city, but only when a person could reach that one place where the only thing there was to do was know oneself, and by doing so learn of the world around them.

As I said before, the problem was that I didn’t know which way to go. Should I choose to enter a world where living, sleeping, *breathing* was about money and indulgence and vows and broken promises? Where I spent each day worrying about The Next, whether it was the next day, the next meal, the next paycheck, next boyfriend, husband, affair? Was that world where I would find the ultimate fulfillment for my life? And if so, would the sacrifices I would have to make be worth it? Would losing my own voice be worth it?

Or should I choose to go right, to a place where the only person to be found would be myself? Was I ready to learn who I really am? Would I ever be? To enter such a place, I would have to sacrifice the company of people, of my proud position in society that is determined by the little numbers on my direct-deposit each month, and let go of Google, MySpace, and my remote control. But in doing so, I would be able to reach that place where all I am is all that I need to be, where my inner-creativity could be found and given free reign and I wouldn’t have to worry about the funny looks or quiet questioning murmurs. There, I would be able to exist only in the communion of woman and nature, of human soul reaching out to creation and finding true passion and healing and life. Was this the world that I was meant for?

And I realized, standing there on that old crumbling highway, that even though the question placed before me, go left or right, was the most difficult question I had ever before faced, the answer, I found, was rather simple. I picked up my foot, crossed the line, and walked across the road. It was only when I reached the edge, where the asphalt fell off into the grass in chunky pieces, that I breathed deep and opened my eyes.

I was back in my tiny bedroom on Alice Street. A radio blared in the apartment above me, and somewhere in the distance I could hear the siren of an ambulance singing out into the night. I flung my blankets to the side and slid from the bed, crossing over my pile of laundry on the floor to the small single window in my room. The moon was full, shining on the city outside my window like a fluorescent bulb. I tried to remember the choice I had made, but already the dream was breaking apart, slipping back into the deeper parts of my mind from which it had been born. I sighed. It didn’t matter anyway, did it? It was just a dream, and I was stuck here. But somehow, I think I learned the answer to the question in that moment. I only wished that I had the courage to act on it.



# **This Only Goes in Something Like a Circle**

PAUL BULLARD

Analyze the summer time writer  
Or stories of ev'ry day,  
Speech becomes one martial arts' fighter –  
Whatever the readings say.

Minding the best physical weapon,  
Thoughts you couldn't hope to see...  
Just intended truths or deceptions,  
Meanings are only so free.

See through the similes!  
Like they are the clearest front door windows...  
Taking topics from metaphors,  
Birds crashing into the nearest windows!

Somehow circled friends  
Versus acquaintances in tight-knit loops,  
Common ground of claims in personal coups –  
Our means to our ends.

Writings of various this or that,  
Different styles also me.  
Where we once comfortably sat,  
“Limited choices of tea...”  
Educate me other perspectives!  
Entertain me opinions!  
I have my right and wrong directives,  
My otherwise discretions.

Seeing art in pictures  
Inspiring two dimensional paintings,  
Art seen in imaginations...  
The words of three dimensional paintings.

Our best can't be sought,  
Just better in individual styles  
Carried by peoples' dancings all the while  
Ideas can't be bought.

Knowing analytical writers,  
New thoughts “complicatingly,”  
Lights given off by different lighters  
Open deep simplicities...

Or simply refresh

## **On the Fence**

HONORE HISHAMUNDA

Standing on the fence  
Of caring and indifference  
Climb over on my side, carefully,  
And I'll care for you  
If you care for me

## **Sonnet XVII**

BEN BALLEW

Some sayeth that Love is the only cause  
Of Motivation; others say 'tis Joy.  
However, the Trait that will most employ  
Animation efficiently will pause  
The other senses till the Task is done;  
Ev'ry man hath experienced it and  
Tho' they've no connection under the sun,  
Heathens knoweth that this mark is not bland—  
Ever strong, like the others, but holdeth  
Ever so fast in a way—like the leech,  
That it sucketh the blood out until death—  
Making the Cause to go out of its reach.  
No change will come if I expostulate;  
For all of us will be driven by Hate.

## **Campus Destruction**

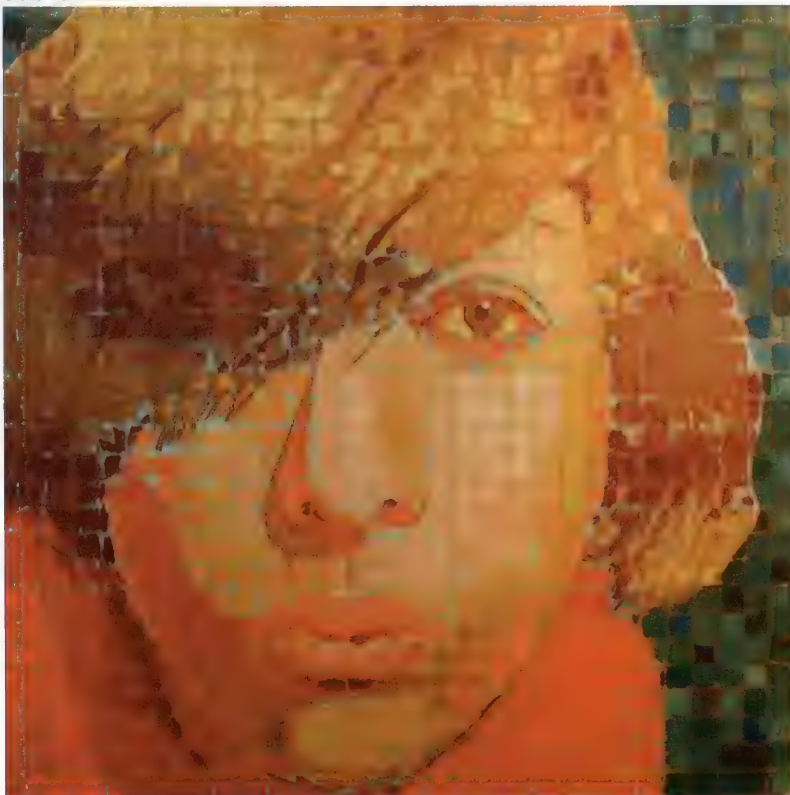
AUSTIN NELSON

Campus destruction  
Re-Construct paths and buildings  
Tear down, Make it new.



***Brooklyn Bridge***

Jacob Smith



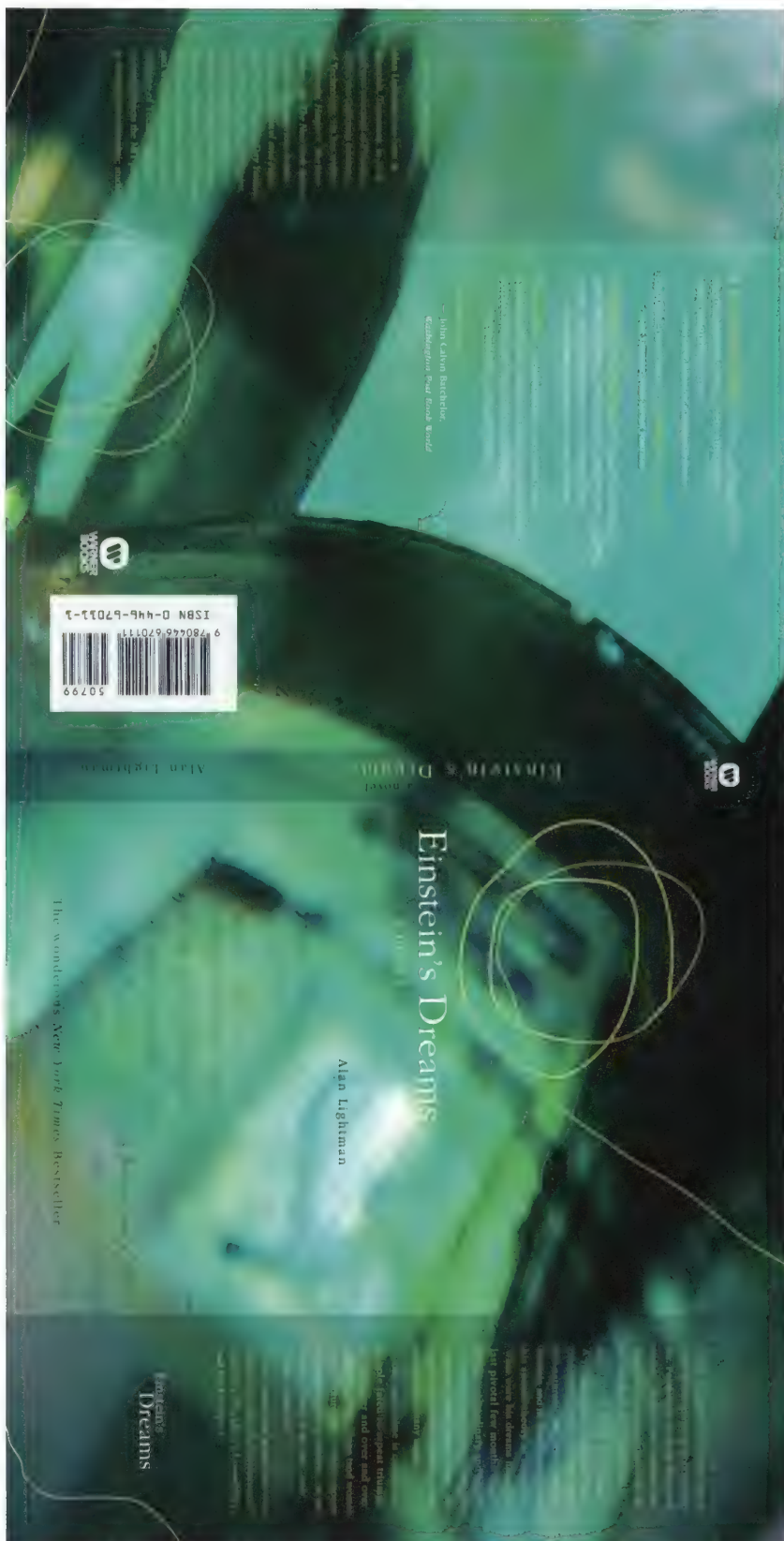
***Untitled***

Josh LaFayette



***Stroll***  
Fran Bishop





**Einstein Cover**  
Meredith Dowdy



**Hoffman**  
Meredith Dowdy



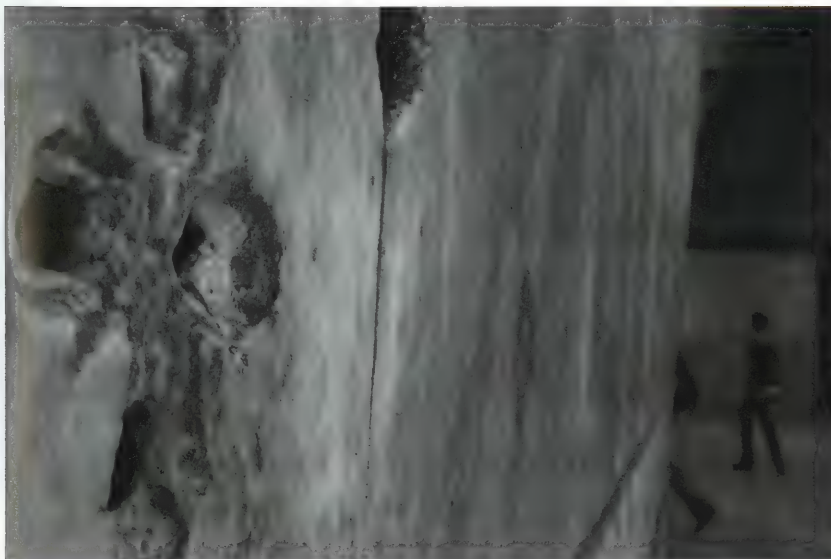
**Greenfield, IL**  
Janna Joehl



***Mushroom***  
Catherine Foster



***Sketch of Living Room***  
Jennifer McAleer



***What Was Lost?***  
Alan Dennis





**Staring Contest**  
Vanessa Hoppner



**Series of Apathetic Businessmen**  
Erika Bilbo



**Burren Beach**  
Matthew Livaudais



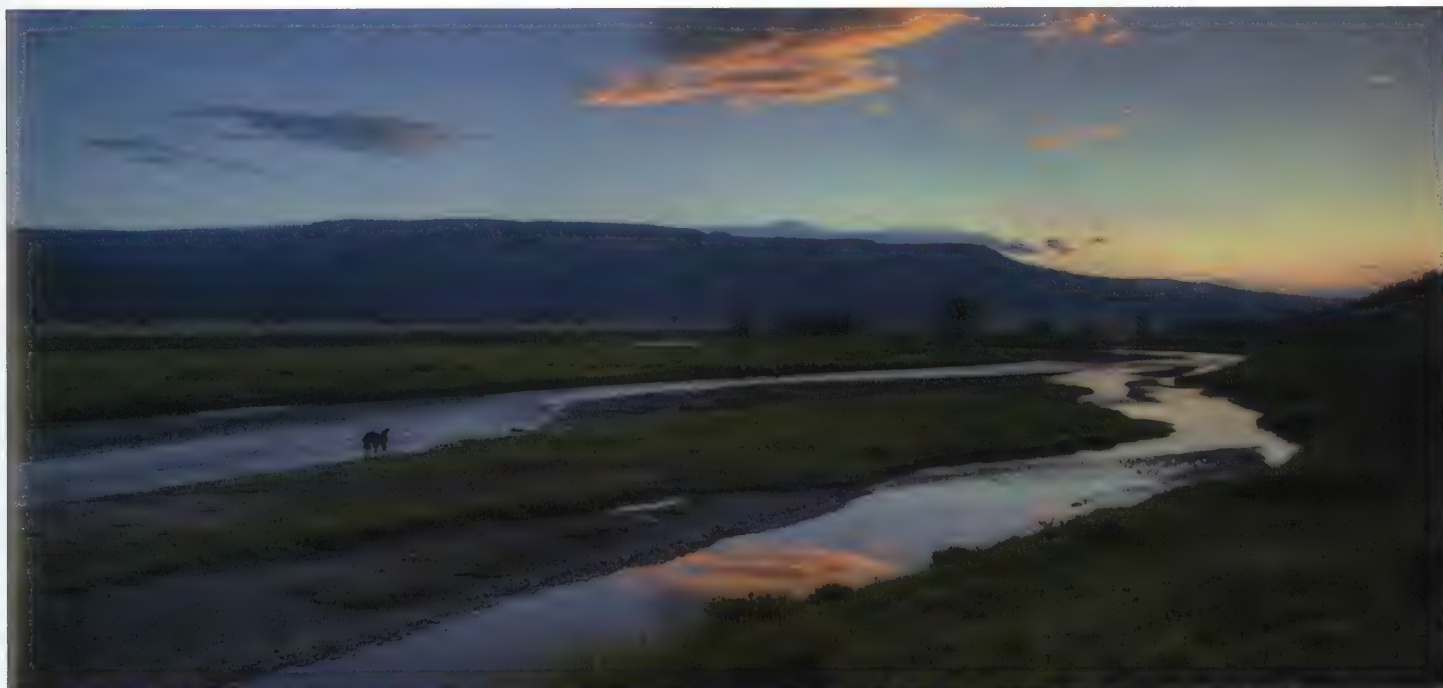
**Toys**  
Paul Possien



***Kitchen Perspective***  
Jennifer McAleer



***Module***  
Matthew Livaudais



***Lamar Valley in Yellowstone***  
Joseph Banks



**MANAGING  
EDITOR**



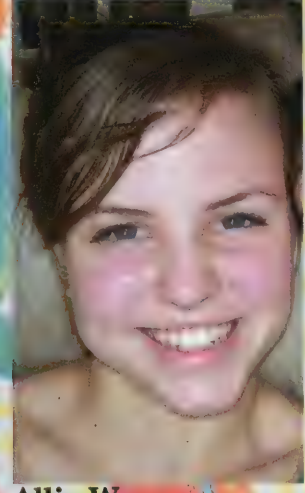
**Vicki Johnson**  
Journalism  
Junior



**Rachel Reich**  
Architecture  
Sophomore



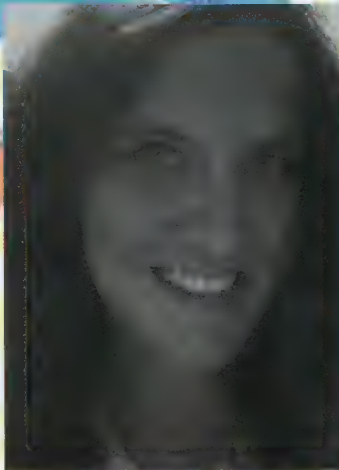
**Savannah Roberts**  
Interior Design  
Freshman



**Allie Ware**  
Business Admin.  
Freshman

**ARCHITECTURE**

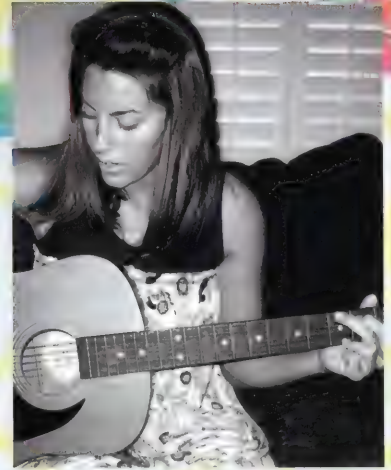
**ART**



**Glendinning Johnston**  
Graphic Design/Dance  
Freshman



**Katie Smeraglia**  
Psychology  
Freshman



**Karen Jones**  
Public Relations  
Senior



**Kayla Roberts**  
Graphic Design  
Sophomore



**Amy Hannum**  
Journalism/ Spanish  
Freshman



**Erika Bilbo**  
Graphic Design  
Junior

**GRAPHIC  
DESIGN**



# FICTION



**Dan Chadwick**  
English  
Senior



**Anna Elmore**  
English  
Junior

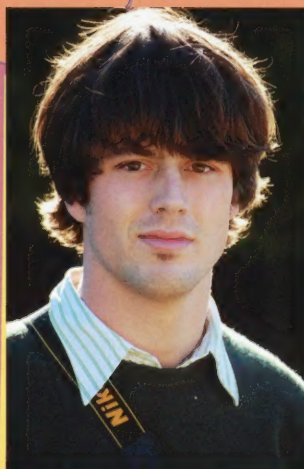


**Forrest Stanley**  
Chemistry  
Sophomore

# PHOTOGRAPHY



**Courtney Crew**  
Communication/Art  
Sophomore



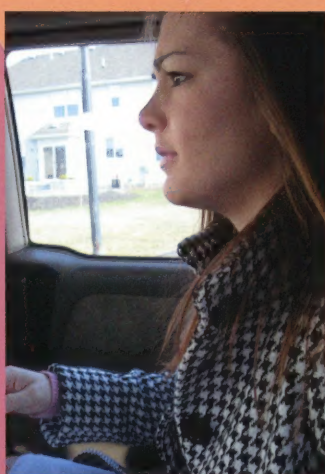
**Austin Nelson**  
Journalism  
Senior



**Anna-Marie Settine**  
Undeclared  
Sophomore



**Shelli Brown**  
Psychology/English  
Sophomore



**Megan Nieman**  
Fashion Merchandising  
Freshman



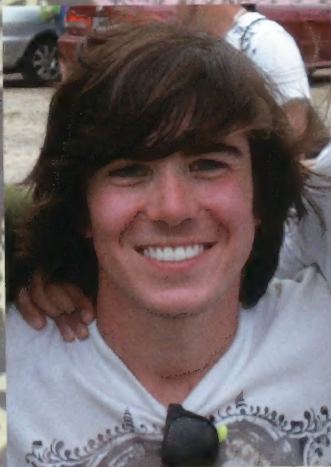
**Becca Burslem**  
Interior Design  
Sophomore

# FASHION





**Caitlin Kearns**  
Psychology  
Junior



**Will Fargason**  
English  
Sophomore



**Stephanie Cashin**  
English Language/Arts Edu.  
Freshman

# POETRY

# NON-FICTION



**Lauren Smith**  
Journalism  
Freshman



**Josie Fink**  
English  
Freshman



**Shannon Doyle**  
Journalism  
Freshman



**Stacy Shockley**  
Pre-Architecture  
Freshman



**Kristina Tanner**  
Interior Design  
Senior



**Contessa Smile**  
Building Science  
Sophomore

# INTERIOR DESIGN



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We are always looking for submissions in art, interior design, graphic design, poetry, photography, fiction, non-fiction, fashion design and architecture and any other documentable literary/art forms.

To submit work, save files separately, labeling the author and title in the proper format. All work must be submitted with a waiver. These waivers are available on-line at [www.auburn.edu/circle](http://www.auburn.edu/circle) and may be submitted at our office at the Student Publications Office in the New Student Center, or via email at [acircle@auburn.edu](mailto:acircle@auburn.edu).

### **To submit Art, Photography, Fashion, Architecture, or Design:**

Submit as a digital file of or at least 300 dpi. Save each file as .jpeg.

### **To submit Literature:**

Save as a Microsoft Word document (2007 or other) file.

**Please visit our website at [www.auburn.edu/circle](http://www.auburn.edu/circle) to submit any personal suggestions or opinions.**

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English Department  
Interior Design Department  
Department of Communications and Journalism  
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Matthew Livaudais, Graphic Designer

**Keep an eye out for our spring 2009 issue!**



